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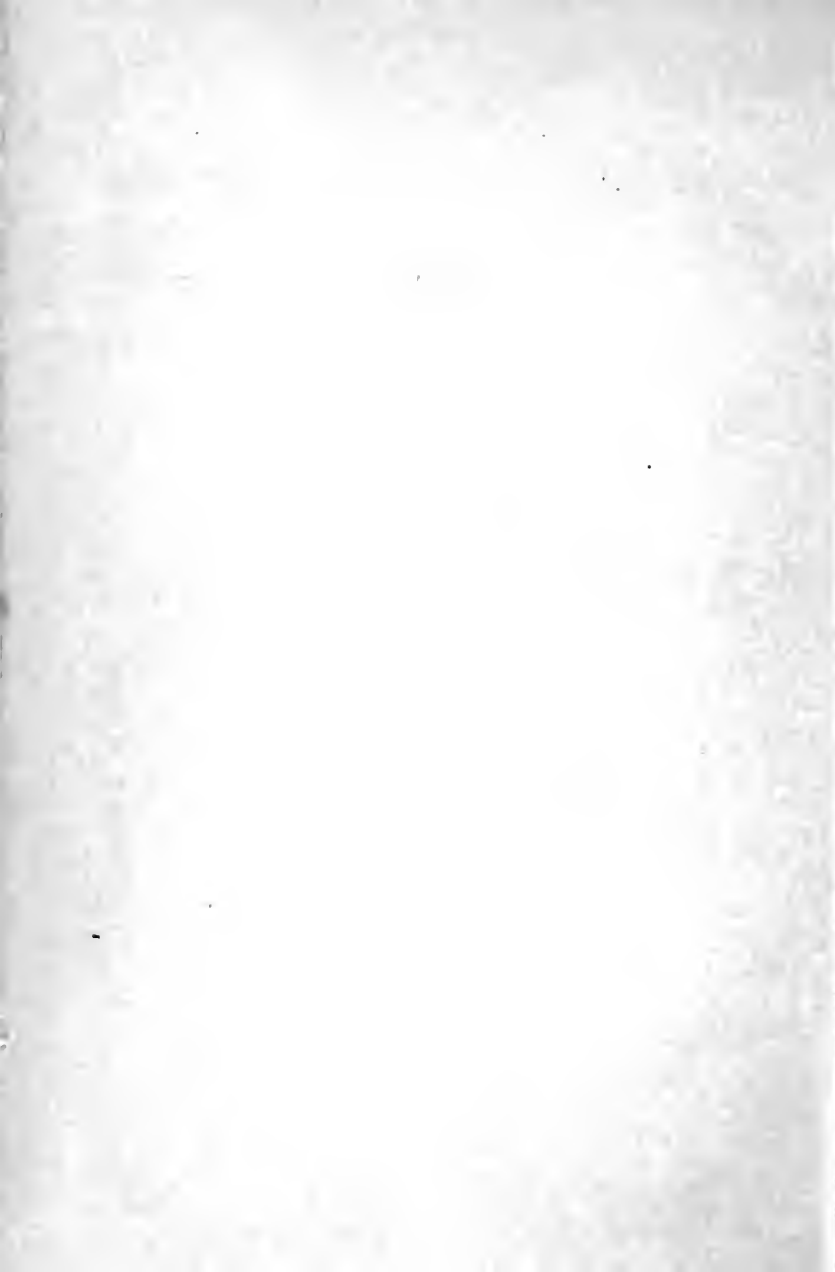
Gleanings  
FROM THE  
Fields of Fancy:  
With some  
Blood-Red Poppies from the  
Fields of War.



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To my dear Cousin  
Kate Maier, with  
love from Maddie

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GLEANINGS FROM THE  
FIELDS OF FANCY,

WITH SOME BLOOD-RED POPPIES  
FROM THE FIELDS OF WAR.

BY  
MADELINE THOM,  
FOSSOWAY, KINROSS-SHIRE.

KINROSS :  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHORESS BY DAVID BROWN & SON,  
149 HIGH STREET.

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1915.

TO  
MY MOTHER,  
WHO HATH ENTERED THAT LAND  
WHERE ALL IS POETRY, THESE GLEANINGS  
(GATHERED THROUGHOUT THE PASSING YEARS, AMID  
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW) ARE  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,  
WHOSE ONE REGRET IS THAT SHE WHO WAS  
EVER SUCH A LOVER OF POETRY  
IS NO LONGER HERE TO SHARE WITH HER THE  
PLEASURE OF SEEING THESE "GLEANINGS"  
SAFELY STORED.

PR  
T-2-3

## CONTENTS.

---

|  | PAGE. |
|--|-------|
| Introduction ... ..  | 7     |
| Spring: Now and Then ... ..  | 9     |
| Upon Leaving Kirkton ... ..  | 10    |
| Roses ... ..   | 11    |
| Two Lives ... ..   | 13    |
| The Old Mill ... ..  | 14    |
| Lines suggested by a Violent Storm of Thunder and<br>Lightning, June 29th, 1915 ... .. | 16    |
| A Tribute to our Brave Indians when first they came<br>over to Help Us ... ..          | 17    |
| Heather and Love ... ..  | 17    |
| Ode to Matrimony ... ..  | 18    |
| The River ... ..   | 19    |
| Our Parson ... ..  | 20    |
| Over the Hills and Far Away ... ..   | 22    |
| Changeless ... ..  | 24    |
| To Field-Marshal the late Lord Roberts ... ..  | 24    |
| Another Enlogy to Field-Marshal the late Lord Roberts,<br>C.I.C. ... ..                | 25    |
| Ypres ... ..   | 26    |
| Apart ... ..   | 27    |
| Too Late ... ..  | 27    |
| Oh! Carry them all to Jesus ... ..   | 28    |
| Questions ... ..   | 29    |
| Field and Foe ... ..   | 30    |
| In the Orchard ... ..  | 31    |
| Only ... ..  | 32    |
| Nature <i>versus</i> Golf ... ..   | 33    |
| Moonlight ... ..   | 34    |
| Lines written to my Intended Husband ... ..  | 36    |
| Retrospection ... ..   | 36    |
| The Divinity Flirt ... ..  | 37    |
| Unfulfilled Promises ... ..  | 38    |

|   | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| Rich and Poor ... ..  | 39    |
| Address to Rabbi Nicola Ayoub Tams ... ..   | 40    |
| Past and Present ... ..   | 41    |
| Ode to Thrums ... ..  | 42    |
| Some Thoughts on Burns ... ..   | 44    |
| On the Great War, 1915 ... ..   | 45    |
| Retribution ... ..  | 47    |
| A Bit of Hair ... ..  | 49    |
| Margaret's Monologue ... ..   | 51    |
| Reveries ... ..   | 52    |
| A Puzzle ... ..   | 55    |
| Frosted Fancies ... ..  | 57    |
| Compliance ... ..   | 58    |
| Watch ... ..  | 59    |
| Regrets ... ..  | 59    |
| Stout <i>versus</i> Thin ... ..   | 60    |
| A Child's Thoughts on the Death of Her Playfellow ... ..                          | 60    |
| The Wishing Well ... ..   | 61    |
| Lines on a Violet ... ..  | 67    |
| Drifting ... ..   | 67    |
| A Fragment ... ..   | 68    |
| The Dying Boy ... ..  | 68    |
| Spring : Past and Present ... ..  | 69    |
| An In Memoriam to Alfred Lord Tennyson ... ..                                     | 70    |
| Floating ... ..   | 70    |
| A Warning against Gossip ... ..   | 72    |
| The Old Year and the New ... ..   | 74    |
| Ode to Spring ... ..  | 75    |
| Lines written on a Sprig of Holly purporting to have come<br>from Scotland ... .. | 75    |
| At Rest ... ..  | 77    |
| In Memoriam ... ..  | 78    |
| The Young Highland Recruit ... ..   | 79    |
| Suspiria Noctes ... ..  | 81    |
| April ... ..  | 82    |
| Alane ... ..  | 82    |
| Long Ago ... ..   | 84    |
| Now and Then ... ..   | 86    |
| Gillette ... ..   | 88    |
| First Love ... ..   | 89    |
| Fair and False ... ..   | 90    |

|   | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| Stars : Earthly and Heavenly ... ..   | 90    |
| In the Night Watches ... ..   | 91    |
| Memories ... ..   | 93    |
| Poem on a Holy (hole-y) Subject ... ..  | 94    |
| Lines supposed to be written by one of the Sterner Sex to<br>cheer on a Fellow-creature in Life's Path ... .. | 95    |
| Lines suggested by an Engraving of Fishing Smacks on a<br>Tranquil Sea in the Glow of the Sunset ... ..       | 97    |
| My Lady's Garden ... ..   | 98    |
| Lines to a Dear Friend ... ..   | 99    |
| Shadows ... ..  | 99    |
| Changes ... ..  | 101   |
| Lines to an Old Mirror which came back to me after the<br>Death of a Relative .. ...                          | 102   |
| An Old Minister's Address to a Young Girl ... ..  | 101   |
| Waste and Wisdom ... ..   | 105   |
| Lines to a Favourite Hen purchased in aid of the Belgian<br>Relief Fund ... ..                                | 106   |
| Disillusioned ... ..  | 107   |
| Venice ... ..   | 108   |
| Mock Orange ... ..  | 109   |
| Changes ... ..  | 111   |
| Good-night ... ..   | 111   |
| Butter and Oil ... ..   | 113   |
| To a Friend Abroad ... ..   | 114   |
| Seccotine ... ..  | 115   |
| Lines by a Unionist at the time of the General Election,<br>1910 ... ..                                       | 116   |
| Overheard during Election, 1910 ... ..  | 119   |
| The Earnest Socialist and the Earnest Christian ... ..  | 119   |
| Lloyd George and the Insurance Bill ... ..  | 120   |
| To a Doctor, 1909 ... ..  | 123   |
| Kindred Spirits ... ..  | 123   |
| No More ... ..  | 125   |
| Soul Breathings ... ..  | 126   |
| Verses written on the occasion of my Am't's Birthday,<br>February 25th, 1896 ... ..                           | 126   |
| Do You Remember? ... ..   | 127   |
| Christian Courage ... ..  | 128   |
| Follow Jesus ... ..   | 129   |
| The Old Maunse Garden ... ..  | 129   |

|   | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| A Birthday Wish   | 130   |
| Lines written shortly before our Marriage upon My<br>Morning Text   | 131   |
| Our Last Sunset   | 131   |
| Sir Lancelot : a Legend   | 132   |
| My Willie and the War   | 144   |
| Marching to Music and to Death  | 145   |
| "The Glorious Twelfth," 1915  | 146   |
| Sale Song   | 148   |
| Some Verses dedicated to Mr. John Ellis, upon his Remov-<br>ing a Petrol Engine which was placed near "Eldon" | 150   |
| Away  | 152   |



## INTRODUCTION.

---

**R**EADER, if you've a critic's eyes,  
These sheaves of mine do not despise,  
Or say, methinks this grain's not good,  
Nor for the brain will furnish food.

Some people do not know the strain  
Of working either field or brain,  
Tho' sheaves may not brain food impart  
Their golden ears may feed the heart.

Pluck for yourselves the ripest ears  
Sunned oft by joy, and wet with tears  
Throughout the passing, changing years ;  
If e'en however small *one* seed  
Should spring to help another's need,  
Without a murmur or a sigh,  
Returning thanks to God on high,  
I'd let the other Gleanings die.





## GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF FANCY,

WITH SOME BLOOD-RED POPPIES FROM  
THE FIELDS OF WAR.

---

### Spring: Now and Then.

**N** USED to bring the first flower of the year  
To thee, dear mother—thou, of all most dear.  
Now Springs may come and wane, I cannot bring  
Thee flow'rets, wishes, kisses, anything.

To-day, I saw the snowdrop blooming fair  
Tho' snow was lying coldly everywhere ;  
I turned away—leaving the little flower,  
That once, with joy, I plucked in happier hour.

And thou—although the snow lies cold and white  
Upon the spot where, hidden out of sight,  
Your dust lies sacred—shall hereafter bloom  
In Heaven's spring, like flower from winter's tomb.

In memory still, I bring a flower to thee  
(Although thine eyes far fairer flowers now see) ;  
For flowers of memory never fade or die,  
Tho' oft we cull them with a tear-dimmed eye.

**Upon Leaving Kirkton.**

My heart is sorely grieving,  
Fair Kirkton I am leaving,  
Where I would fain be weaving  
    Some tale in rhyme,  
Drawn from recesses hoary  
Of ancient Border story  
That ever sheds its glory,  
    Undimmed by time.

The past comes up before me,  
Its magic spell is o'er me ;  
A voice cries, "Once you tore me  
    From out your heart."  
But now I've closer bound thee,  
My Border arms are round thee ;  
Ah ! now that I have found thee,  
    We'll never part.

The glamour of my wooing  
Was never maid's undoing,  
My sweet and suasive suing  
    Drew to my shrine.  
In all my Border roving,  
Responses warm and loving  
Thro' years unnumbered proving  
    Once—ever mine.

I sought thee in life's morning,  
Youth's dew thy brow adorning,  
All other suitors scorning,  
    You turned to me.  
You revelled in caresses,  
In nature's sweet excesses ;  
Kisses, the sun-god presses  
    On Eildon's three.

Zephyrs in summer playing,  
Wild flowers and grasses swaying  
Charmed thee, thy footsteps straying  
    In woodland ways.

Unknown, I've seen thee dreaming  
Where fields were golden gleaming,  
Thy brain with fancies teeming  
Of by-gone days.

Though man may not admire thee,  
Long may the muse inspire thee,  
Imagination fire thee  
To nobler rhyme.  
My Border heart aye thrill thee,  
Its glamour ever fill thee,  
Its past and present still be  
Dear for all time.

Kirkton Manse, Sept. 1908.

### Roses.

Written during the Great War, 1915, and suggested to me  
by receiving a bunch of beautiful roses.

Now here's to thim beautiful roses  
The lady put down be me bed ;  
Like all the three counthries, they're diff'rent,  
But, somehow, me fancies the red.

The yallow's as purty as anny,  
Like the gowld (that I never cu'd kape !)  
An', fur shure, 'tis me orangeman colour,  
But I'll luk' at the red till I slape.

The pink's just the "pink av perfection ;"  
This wan is blood-red like the War !  
Shure, I'll tell yez, nurse, *now*, why I love it—  
Its swate scent just carries me far

From this ward to a dear little cabin  
Where lives, shure, the swatest colleen  
That iver tripped over the shamrock,  
The loike av her niver waz seen.

When I lift fur to foight these Hun divils  
(Far worse than the worst Oirish foes),

Whan I kissed me dear gurl 'mong the praties,  
 She give me the partiest rose,

Like this wan ! An' she said, Pathrick darlint,  
 Now remimber whereiver yez goes,  
 Tho' yez parted from Mary O'Leary,  
 Niver part wid the dear little rose.

But kape it, and dhrame of her sometoimes,  
 An' pray fur her mornin' and noight ;  
 An' God kape me Pathrick from danger  
 An' bring him safe home from the foight.

An' I kipt it, nurse, wrapped in her letther,  
 Tucked safe away, close to me heart,  
 For I vowed when I parted wid Mary,  
 From her rose, shure, I niver wu'd part.

An' yez don't say, dear nurse that yez got it—  
 Ach, give it me now, like a dear,  
 Shure, I'll slape like a top till the mornin',  
 If yez just lay the little rose here.

God bless yez ! An' there is her letther,  
 Here, nurse, lay it under me head,  
 An *plase*, will yez put them together,  
 Beside me owld corp, whin Oi'm dead ?

\* \* \* \*

The roses kept watch till the morning,  
 And as she inhaled their perfume,  
 Nurse heard the faint flutt'ring of pinions ;  
 Death's angel had entered the room.

So his last thoughts were all of his Mary.  
 Poor fellow ! And now he's with God.  
 Sharon's Rose—sweeter far than earth's blossoms,  
 But we'll plant roses over the sod.

Yes ! Red ones, and some day his Mary  
 May find her way over the sea,  
 And be glad that he was not forgotten  
 When she sees the red rose blooming free.

\* \* \* \*

His medal went over to Mary,  
 But the shattered hand over his breast  
 Kept the rose, and the letter from Mary,  
 To his loving heart tenderly pressed.

The heart that had ceased from its beating,  
 The rose that was withered and dead !  
 Thank God for those faithful lives ended,  
 For our brave lads who suffered and bled.

July 1915.

---

**Two Lives.**

Time was when one word spoken might have altered  
 Two lives, and made their diverse currents flow  
 Into one stream. Alas ! which of us faltered  
 And let the golden moment come and go ?

Those moments fraught with issues past our dreaming,  
 Those "ifs" that change the tenor of our years,  
 Bathe them in shadow, 'stead of sunlight gleaming,  
 Those "might-have-beens" that fill the eyes with tears.

Young love is sweet ! Methinks 'twere even sweeter,  
 More precious in the light of mem'ry seen,  
 For retrospection maketh it completer,  
 In brighter colours paints the "might-have-been."

Again the smile that set our hearts a-beating,  
 The glance that made our cheeks all roseate glow,  
 Come back with unforgotten joys of meeting  
 In the fair love-lanes of "the long ago."

Ah ! tell me, were the past once more before us,  
 Would we be wiser now than we have been ?  
 Would it to brighter dreams and hopes restore us,  
 And change for us life's ever-varying scene ?

Would all the cares and trials that assail us  
 Vanish like mist upon the mountain's brow ?  
 Or would our hearts, in crucial moment, fail us  
 As, spite of faith, they oft-times fail us now ?

Had fate not parted us by land and ocean  
Love's flower had maybe blossomed sweet and fair.  
Yet see we not thro' all the soul's emotion,  
'Twas wisely checked—for God's own hand was there?

The sweetnesses of mem'ry ever cherish  
Those visions of the past, all rainbow hued.  
Cull what is lovely, let the useless perish—  
'Twill all be fair if in God's mirror viewed.

We see the past—the future guess unseeing ;  
But One above us sees where we are blind.  
The only Good and Wise Omniscient Being—  
Oh, let us trust the workings of His mind !

'Tis well we see no path in life before us,  
But blindly step through its mysterious maze  
Upheld by One Who, ever watching o'er us,  
Guides falt'ring footsteps through its devious ways.

Fond faithful friendship all our days will brighten  
The lives which, *sure in heart*, have not been one ;  
Each cloud, each sorrow, as it cometh, lighten,  
And gild the sunset of our day when done.

---

### The Old Mill.

The dear old Mill—the dear old Mill—  
When I close my eyes I can see you still,  
And I think of the days I had many a fall  
From your moss-grown roof and your ivied wall.

The dear old Wheel—the dear old Wheel—  
Could I see you again 'twould make me feel  
Like a boy once more ; and to watch the burn  
Flinging froth from your spokes at ev'ry turn.

The dear old Field—the dear old Field—  
Did ever a meadow such clover yield  
As the one where my boyhood's happiest dream  
Was dreamt by the banks of your little stream?

The dear old Stile—the dear old Stile—  
 Since I saw you last, full many a mile  
 Has been crossed of foreign land and sea,  
 Yet in mem'ry I love to visit thee.

The dear white Gate—the dear white Gate—  
 Oft in summer eves I used to wait  
 In the gloaming grey, with expectant ear,  
 For a step and a voice I loved to hear.

Oh ! Annie dear—Oh ! Annie dear—  
 Tho' we have been parted many a year  
 I can see you still come tripping along  
 With your milk-pail shining—singing a song.

\*The dear old Times—the dear old Times—  
 They sound in the heart like heaven's chimes ;  
 And I *long* with a *longing* that gives me pain  
 For those days that can never come again.

\*   \*   \*   \*

The Years have gone—the Years have gone—  
 And I'm far away—alone—alone—  
 I sit to-night, while around me plays  
 The fadeless light of those other days.

For me the wheels of Fortune turn  
 Like the dear old mill—yet her gold I spurn.  
 A look once more into Annie's eyes  
 Were dearer to me than the greatest prize.

The wheels of Life—the wheels of Life—  
 Turn smoothly still, and I have no strife  
 With the world or man, yet I feel it dear  
 This log-hut life from year to year.

The dear old Home—the dear old Home—  
 No more would I cross the ocean's foam  
 If some Fairy could tell me that I would find  
 That dearest girl that I left behind.

A dear wee cot—a dear wee cot—  
 Just beside the mill, in that sunny spot,  
 Is all I would ask in the whole world wide,  
 If only Annie were by my side.

In the clover meadow, beside the stream,  
We would sit (too happy for words) and dream.  
Ah ! dream, come true—for I'm weary here ;  
But at home I'd grow younger every year.

July 5th, 1915.

---

**Lines Suggested by a Violent Storm of Thunder and  
Lightning, June 29th, 1915.**

I gazed upon the angry sky  
Where lightning swiftly played,  
And wondered, were our guns more fierce  
Than Nature's cannonade ?

It was an awe-inspiring scene,  
And filled the mind with dread ;  
One's thoughts, swift as the lightning, leapt  
To dear ones lying dead.

Upon the distant battle-field  
Lay thousands of our slain.  
Ah ! yes, man's brutal lightning  
Spread destruction o'er the plain.

Wild Nature's storms will pass away,  
Her suns shine bright and clear ;  
But never will they shine again  
On those we hold so dear.

They sleep beneath a foreign sky  
And, 'neath the blood-stained sod,  
Their wearied bodies rest until  
Resounds the Trump of God.

Thunders and lightnings, earthquakes too—  
Yea, pestilence and sword—  
Must wreak their vengeance ere that day,  
The coming of our Lord.

Ah ! how His followers should yearn  
For that most glorious Day,  
When God shall dwell with men, and this  
Old earth have passed away.

When there shall never more be curse,  
Nor sorrow, death, or tears ;  
But we, in perfect blessedness,  
Dwell through the eternal years.

---

**A Tribute to our Brave Indians when first they Came  
over to Help us.**

Brave Indians ! loyal to our King and Crown,  
When war's wild trumpet loudly called our land  
To shoulder arms—*you* left your sunny strand,  
Knowing full well that lives must be laid down.

Far from your home, on many a battle-field,  
Erimsoned by blood that flowed in Rajahs' veins,  
(Dearly *we* prize those sacrificial stains),  
For us, ungrudgingly, those lives you yield.

But from that soil, where lies your precious dust,  
Shall spring such seeds as richest harvest make  
Of Peace. And we shall pray for your dear sake,  
Long may the sword within its scabbard rust.

As death's cold finger closed your wearied eyes  
Did visions of your sacred Ganges pass  
Across them—as one sees within a glass  
Pictures of smiling lands and radiant skies ?

Methinks that Temple, Dome, or Minaret,  
(White marble 'gainst Ind's sky of cloudless blue),  
Would (like a mirage) fade, as burst on you  
God's Holy City, fairest vision yet.

No Temple there—no need of earthly sun—  
God's glory makes these “many mansions” bright ;  
And war shall be no more—no dreary night—  
Where Nations, Kings, and Peoples are as one.

June 29th, 1915.

---

**Heather and Love.**

(A Student's Soliloquy.)

And it's Oh, for life on a breezy moor !  
In the glorious summer weather,

Where the mountain shadows come and go—  
Sunshine above, around, below,  
Flooding the world in a golden glow,

    Red'ning the purple heather.

Bees drawing nectar from every bloom,  
Wild thyme shedding her sweet perfume

    On the summer air,

    Everywhere—

Heigh-ho ! for a breezy moor.

And it's Oh, for love on a highland moor !

    In the glorious autumn weather ;

Crimson above, with the sunset glow

Casting a glamour on all below

And a blush on the cheek of a girl I know,

    Standing 'mid blooming heather.

One drawing nectar from lips as red

As the berries rip'ning above his head.

    Ah, the glad love-light

    In eyes that night !

Heigh-ho, for that witching moor !

And it's Oh, for youth's wide-spreading moor !

    Where it's always summer weather,

Where, never weary, we love to rove,

Where the sun shines aye from the blue above,

When life is full to the brim of love

    As honeyed bells of heather.

Now nectar we draw from memory's cells ;

Alas, for the faded heather bells !

    They lie in this book,

    Let me take *one* look—

"Tis all remains of my moor.

---

### Ode to Matrimony.

Written on the spur of the moment, after our mother had told us  
    that we would be happier and have fewer cares  
    if we remained unmarried.

Much happier lives we three shall lead

If never to marry we're all agreed,

Than if we were burdened with bairns and cares,

With scarcely a moment to say our prayers ;

Demands upon time, and hands, and brain,  
 Enough to drive a woman insane—  
 Arranging one's meals before daylight,  
 Hurried and flurried from morn till night ;  
 Good-man calling one thing, children another,  
 "Where are you, wife?" "Where are you, mother?"  
 "I'll come in a moment." "I want you *now*."  
 You press your hand to your aching brow  
 And think if you'd heeded your mother's warning  
 Connubial troubles you'd now be scorning.  
 "Too late, too late," is now your cry,  
 "I'll never have rest till the day I die."

### The River.

Thoughts suggested by viewing the River Devon from my  
 window at Eildon.

The river, the river—the peaceful, placid river  
 That scintillates and flashes, like jewels 'neath the sun ;  
 Branch shadows sway and quiver  
 On the bosom of the river,  
 As shadows fall athwart our lives ere yet our day be done.

The river, the river—the rhythmic, rippling river  
 That sings its song unceasingly to every passer-by ;  
 Yet to many a careless liver  
 No voice sounds from the river  
 That with sweet and subtle music pointeth men beyond the  
 sky.

The river, the river—the lightsome laughing river  
 Caressing fern and wild-flower as it wanders on its way ;  
 Do we ever thank the Giver  
 For the beauties of the river,  
 For the lessons that it teaches all who love it day by day ?

The river, the river—the roaring, rushing river,  
 That is hurrying ever onward to join the mighty sea ;  
 Do we ever ponder—ever—  
 On the mystery of the river,  
 Life's river hurrying on to join the vast eternity ?

The river, the river—the tumbling, tossing river,  
 That swollen, angry, carrieth with it ruin far and wide ;  
     Have pity, Oh, life's river !  
     Bear them up, the frail ones, ever,  
 Lest, courage gone, engulphed they sink beneath your swelling tide.

The river, the river—the dark and silent river,  
 Across whose tide the boatman pale must one day bear us  
     o'er ;  
     Our spirits shrink and quiver  
     At the margin of the river,  
 But our Saviour's hand will guide us till we gain the  
 further shore.

The river, the river—life's pure and crystal river,  
 That without shadow floweth from the Throne of God above ;  
     Ah, with joy our hearts will quiver  
     As we stand beside the river  
 Singing praise to Him who steered our barques to endless  
 realms of love.

---

### Our Parson.

Dedicated to all Clerics who resemble the subject of my poem—  
 Sexton Loquitor.

He's an absent-minded Parson—and belike a beggar too,  
 For his stipend's not a big 'un—an' the folks is mighty few ;  
 But there's summat I can vouch for—'tis God's truth—not  
     idle praise,

He's a gen'leman is Parson—rare, uncommon now-a-days.

You're right, but folks *will* speak, sir, who've no call, 'twixt  
     you an' me,

That holds he *is* a beggar—for he pleads for funds you see.  
 Oh ! I've heard him in the kirk myself speak out for good  
     hard cash,

'Twas to send out for convarsi<sup>o</sup>n o' the blacks in Calabash,

Or some sich name—an' I could tell *some* folks out pretty  
     plain

That the money Parson's drawin' ev'ry year it ain't clear  
     gain,

For he's a'ways givin', givin'. Why! the "tin" he gives  
away  
Would set up a chap like me, sir, with a goodish weekly  
pay.

An' *that* ain't seldom, no, it ain't. Oh! Parson is a brick.  
Some folks' *mouths* gape more than purses, an' their talk  
do make me sick,  
An' I'll never stand to hear 'em run a man like *that* to  
earth,  
For he's rare an' good, an' as I said, a gen'leman by birth.

Ay! they say he *is* a beggar, sir. Mebbe the coat he  
wears  
*Is* a trifle old an' rusty, but it matches his grey hairs,  
An' all honour 'tis to him I say. What's Fashion? let 'em  
preach;  
They'd do better did they practise all the truths *our* Parson  
teach.

Blessin's on him! Would this owd world held some more  
like Parson Sym;  
But the ministers they're "*'lectin'*" now are not a bit like  
*him*.  
They're chokefull o' creeds an' notions o' their *own* mind,  
not God given—  
That they miss the wee bit narrow gate that leads from  
earth to Heaven.

But Parsons o' t' good owd sort that don't believe a word  
'Bout salvation, saints, or sinners, like, or aught we ever  
heard,  
'Less he found it in t' Bible, sir, the Book our fathers  
prized,  
An' their forbears bled an' died for, but it's often now  
despised.

But t' younger generation, they talk glib o' Heaven an'  
grace;  
But as to Hell! Why, sir, I've heerd 'em say there's no  
sich place;

But *I* say (an' Parson 'grees wi' me), I don't think 'twould  
be fair

To let saints an' sinners walk abreast in t' golden streets  
up there.

But that's matter for discussion, an' it's mebbe not *my*  
place

To be airin' all my views like—but he *is* a man o' grace  
Is Parson—just as good a man as ever trod God's earth,  
An' as you heerd me say, sir, he's a gen'leman by birth.

There at last he goes, does Parson, wi' his cheery ruddy  
face ;

Were it not for *him*, sir, this would be a God-forsaken  
place ;

An' if it be you're stayin' i' the white house on the beach  
You might step up here to-morrer just to hear our Parson  
preach.

You'll get summat for your trouble ; oh ! he's grand is  
Parson Sym,

Once he's lying *here* we'll never get another man like *him*.  
But I've buri'l on at two, an' this here talkin' don't help  
work ;

Like as not, if spared, I'll meet you, sir, to-morrer at the  
kirk.

---

### Over the Hills and far away.

Over the hills, and far away,  
Rode a gallant one summer's day ;  
His was no vain or idle quest,  
For he sought the maiden he loved the best.

Over the hills, and far away,  
A maiden sat dreaming that summer day ;  
Her eyes were blue as the heav'ns above,  
And brightly they shone with the flame of love.

Over the hills, and far away,  
When the sun had sunk, and the gloaming grey  
Stole mistily over hill and dell,  
The silence was stirred by the vesper bell.

Over the hills, and far away,  
The knight o'er his charger bent to pray ;  
But, spite of the hour, and the lonely place,  
His vision was dimmed by a beauteous face.

Over the hills, and far away,  
A maiden knelt by her cross to pray—  
To pray for the one whom her heart held dear ;  
And lo ! while she prayed the knight drew near.

\* \* \* \*

Over the hills, and far away,  
The bells rang forth on a bridal day.  
By the altar there standeth a beauteous bride,  
But no stalwart bridegroom is by her side.

Over the hills, and far away,  
Mortally wounded, the gallant lay,  
And the heath is stained by a crimson tide  
That floweth swift from his wounded side.

\* \* \* \*

Over the hills, and far away,  
Fleeth a horseman on steed of grey ;  
Ghastly his face in the pale moonlight,  
For the red blood drips from his sword once bright.

Over the hills, and far away,  
With the curse of blood on his armour grey.  
For a maiden's love hath he done the deed,  
From her presence now she hath bid him speed.

Over the hills, and far away,  
Mourneth a maid in her castle grey ;  
Never more will her heart grow light,  
It bleedeth still for her gallant knight.

\* \* \* \*

Over the hills, and far away,  
By the cairn where the shadows love to play,  
Where heather empurples the mountain side,  
Lie Sir Douglas Graham and his faithful bride.

**Changeless.**

I love you, *still* I love you,  
 Though our lives lie far apart,  
 For distance *never* can undo  
 Those chains which bind the heart.

Nor time, nor space can alter  
 The unchanging love of years,  
 Tho' one's *faith* may sometimes falter  
 When the eye is dim with tears.

Tho' o'er my pathway lengthen  
 Shadows as the years go by,  
 They only serve to strengthen  
 Quenchless love which cannot die.

Tho' cruel Fate ordained  
 Thou never should'st be mine,  
 It knew not, *once* enchained,  
 That heart was ever thine.

When earth fades, and mists enfold me,  
 Even Death I'd bravely face  
 Did I know thine arms would hold me  
 In one tender last embrace.

Vain thought ! For countries sever,  
 Mighty ocean rolls between,  
 And memory mocketh ever  
 With her bitter "might-have-been."

\* \* \* \*

*L'Envoi.*

Yet, I know life hath been sweeter,  
 And, dear Heart, 'twill be above  
 Both fuller and completer  
 For a knowledge of thy love.

**To Field Marshal the Late Lord Roberts.**

Born at Cawnpore, September 1832 ; Died in France,  
 November 1914.

Head of Earth's armies, peaceful be thy rest,  
*We* saw Earth's honours glittering on thy breast ;

But *in* that breast, within that heart so true,  
There dwelt unseen, what but thy Maker knew.

Soldier of Christ, 'twas thus that thou had won  
More honour, glory, trust, than many a son  
Of empire. God was all in all to thee.  
Thus didst thou win men's hearts—and victory.

Would God, that sons of men who bravely fight  
Would fight as thou, for peace and for the right ;  
Did they, like thee, abundant faith possess,  
The end would crown their efforts with success.

E'en enemies, whose rights (?) were swept away  
Have nought save kindly thoughts of thee to-day ;  
From many a lip praise falls, and still will fall,  
For thee, brave chief, admired, beloved of all.

Thy loss we mourn, yet still we cannot weep ;  
God took thee gently, as a child in sleep.  
Far from earth's wrongs, and wrangling wars art thou,  
At home with Christ—His name upon thy brow.

With many an honour crowned, your mortal frame  
Rests with our heroes of illustrious name.  
We keep thy precious dust, God keeps thy soul,  
Till both unite when Jesus "calls the roll."

---

**Another Eulogy to Field-Marshal the Late  
Lord Roberts, C.I.C.**

'Twas not his glorious deeds alone  
That to the whole earth spake—  
'Twas not his *prestige* in that world  
Now mourning for his sake.

Ah, no ! 'twas something nobler still  
Won love from sons abroad ;  
'Twas life as lived by one who held  
Close converse with his God.

Who from his Great Commander took  
His orders every day,  
Whose greatest joy in life was but  
These orders to obey.

Upon life's march he took no step  
Without God's sanction given,  
Thus gladly would this aged saint  
Step swift from earth to heaven.

Upon life's dreary battle-field  
He calmly laid him down,  
Content to part with earthly arms  
For Heaven's fadeless crown.

'Mid life or death, 'mid peace or war,  
He ever dwelt secure—  
And now he sleeps—praise shall he reap  
From Briton and from Boer.

God grant his memory and deeds  
(Now he hath gone up higher)  
May never die—but many a heart  
And many a life inspire.

And we in memory would weave  
(Bathed with a nation's tears)  
A laurel wreath of sweetest thoughts,  
Unfading with the years.

Thus, aged saint, farewell, until,  
Where dwells nor time, nor space,  
Amid the throng of countless saints  
We meet thee face to face.

---

**Ypres.**

Oh, Ypres ! in thy soil lie many slain,  
Afar from home they found a kindly grave  
Beneath the sod of sister countries twain  
They rest, those dear ones, till we meet again.  
They little recked when leaving Britain's shore,  
They gazed their last on home for evermore.  
Ah, well ! let shrapnel, bullets, bombs, and guns  
Take life. God watches o'er our precious ones ;  
*He* keeps their souls until that glorious Day  
When war and sin shall both be swept away.

**Apart.**

Drifting apart—not heart to heart  
 As in the days gone by ;  
 One little word by two lips spoken—  
 One little word—the spell is broken ;  
 Clouds gather o'er life's sky.

Drifting away—day by day,  
 Further from love's safe shore.  
 God pity them both ! No helping hand  
 Can draw these ship-wrecked souls to land.  
 They have parted for evermore.

**Too Late.**

You say you never ceased to love  
 Tho' you left me long ago ?  
 Ah me ! 'twas hard that love to prove—  
 How could I ever know  
 That your heart was still unchanged  
 When you never told me so ?

You say you come to claim me ?  
 I can never wed you now.  
 Dear Heart ! I do not blame thee  
 Tho' you failed to keep that vow,  
 Which you plighted first with trembling lips  
 Then sealed upon my brow.

Yes ! you start to see me dying  
 And your eyes are full of tears ;  
 But no vain regrets or sighing  
 Can recall the vanished years  
 That, in place of happiness with you,  
 Were filled with sick'ning fears.

Oh ! for years I faltered never,  
 Nor believed you were untrue ;  
 And I still kept praying ever  
 That one word might come from you.  
 But that prayer was never answered  
 And my hopes to doubtings grew.

O'er my spirit stole a sadness  
 Which but deepened day by day ;  
 And the happy, careless gladness  
 Of my girlhood passed away ;  
 And the life I lived was lifeless,  
 With a future cold and grey.

\* \* \* \*

Kiss me upon the lips, dear Heart,  
 As you did in days gone by.  
 In heaven loved ones never part ;  
 And above yon sun-lit sky  
 We will love (as we loved in the olden days)  
 For ever—you and I.

\* \* \* \*

Do you hear the church bells ringing ?  
 'Tis like our wedding day !  
 I can hear the angels singing—  
 Oh ! I *long* to be away  
 Far above earth's mists and shadows  
 In the light of endless day.

---

### Oh ! Carry them all to Jesus.

Hymn written to be sung to music at the request of Gypsy Smith  
 the Evangelist—October 1895.

Oh ! carry your sins to Jesus ;  
 He bled on the tree for you.  
 In His promise believe, and forgiveness receive,  
 You will find that His word is true.  
 " Him that cometh to Me I will never cast out."  
 Oh ! believe Him, receive Him, with never a doubt,  
 For He comes at thy bidding if prayerfully sought ;  
 Sinner, come with the morning dew.

#### *Chorus.*

Then yield up your lives to Jesus,  
 For He laid down His life for you ;  
 Take Christ at His word, and your prayer will be heard.  
 We *know* that the promise is true.  
 " Him that cometh to Me I will never cast out."  
 Then believe it, receive it, with never a doubt.

Oh ! carry your heart to Jesus ;  
 He will empty it as you go ;  
 He will pour forth such love from His storehouse above,  
 As will cause it to overflow.  
 And where only leaves flourished and withered and fell,  
 In the strong sap of faith, buds of promise will swell.  
 They will blossom and bear fruit, and ripen as well ;  
 Yea, Fruits of the Spirit shall grow.

Oh ! carry your doubts to Jesus ;  
 They'll vanish like mist at morn ;  
 O'er the blackness of night shall dawn heaven's own light  
 And new life in thy soul be born.  
 For Jesus knows well all the fears that beset thee,  
 He suffered for thee, and He will not forget thee ;  
 Draw nigh—in the cleft of the Rock He will set thee,  
 Safe sheltered from life's blighting storm.

Oh ! carry the cross for Jesus ;  
 He hung on it once for thee.  
 Thy Saviour will share it—He'll help thee to bear it,  
 He bore it for you and for me.  
 Will you shoulder it bravely and not lay it down  
 Till your Saviour replaces that cross with a crown,  
 Till in glory you stand, with the saints, round His Throne  
 Praising God thro' Eternity.

### Questions.

Will you love me less when my hair is white,  
 When wrinkles line my brow ?  
 When dimmed the light of an eye once bright,  
 Will you love me less than now ?  
 Ah, tell me, dear, will your love grow cold  
 To the one you loved in days of old ?

Will you love me less when this cheek grows pale  
 Where roses used to blow ?  
 When changed the voice made your heart rejoice  
 In the days of long ago ?  
 You little know how a woman grieves  
 For love that drops like the autumn leaves.

This little hand ! will you love me less  
 When that hand hath nerveless grown,  
 That, with fond caress, you used to press  
 And oft-times call your own ?  
 Or hold it still as in days of yore  
 In a clasp I shall feel for evermore ?

Will you love me less should stern Fate decree  
 Our lives be lived apart ?  
 Or dearer to thee will I ever be,  
 More closely drawn heart to heart ?  
 Will the dear dead past fade from your mind,  
 Or mine image be still in thine heart enshrined ?

Will you love me less, or be ever leal  
 To the one who was dear to you ?  
 When shadows steal, will you sorrow feel,  
 That my journey be nearly through ?  
 Oh ! tell me, dear, will your love abide  
 As strong and as true at eventide ?

\* \* \* \*

*Answer.*

Could I love thee less ? Ah ! let me confess  
 That my heart is still thine own.  
 Still thee I bless. Could I love thee less  
 Than in years that have swiftly flown ?  
 God grant, dear Heart, we may both grow old,  
 But the love *you* kindled can ne'er grow cold.

---

**Field and Foe.**

Written in the train while travelling to England, November 3rd,  
 1914.

Fighting, fighting, ever fighting,  
 Men on sea and land.  
 Not like painless canine slaughter,  
 Shed they brothers' blood like water.  
 Nature weeps ! Sad lesson taught her  
 By that fighting band.

Fighting, fighting, madly fighting,  
 With the fearsome foe.  
 Shell and shrapnel shrieking round them,  
 Country, duty, honour bound them.  
 Thus their trusty comrades found them  
 In the trenches low.

Fighting, falling, falling, fighting,  
 In the bloody fray.  
 Those who trusted to a nation  
 Working out its own salvation,  
 They have wrought their own damnation ;  
 God shall gain the day.

\* \* \* \*

Sleeping, sleeping, soundly sleeping,  
 Done with Field and Foe ;  
 Mother, Sister, Love forsaken,  
 Death (swift thief) hath them o'ertaken,  
 But God's Trump shall them awaken  
 To their bliss or woe.

\* \* \* \*

Weeping, weeping, ever weeping  
 For their dear ones dead.  
 Christ in heaven hear their pleading,  
 (Humbly we are interceding),  
 Heal the hearts with anguish bleeding,  
 Thou Whose heart hath bled.

---

### In the Orchard.

Upon the dewy grass the petals fall,  
 Frail flutt'ring butterflies of pink and white  
 Mingling with wild flowers in the mossy turf,  
 Flecked here and there with patches of sunlight.

The melody of birds floats far and wide  
 Upon the zephyr, soft as a caress ;  
 And from vast Nature's canopy of green,  
 The joy that swells their little breasts express.

But sweeter far to me than bird or flower,  
Or perfumed petal falling from the tree,  
Is thy dear face, upturned to mine in love,  
That youthful budding form that leans on me.

Ah! may Love's blossom, when its petals fall  
Leave fruit behind, which never shall decay ;  
And Joy and Peace, twin songsters in our hearts  
Sing ceaselessly thro'out our life's brief day.

June 6th, 1914.

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**Only.**

Only a tiny parcel tied  
By little hands that are dead and gone,  
Only some crumpled withered leaves  
That no one would care to look upon ;  
Yet mine eye turns dim for I seem to see  
The baby who tied up these leaves for me.

Only a pair of tiny shoes,  
Worn by wee feet that will run no more,  
When gloamin' comes, and the house is still,  
I can hear them patter across my floor ;  
And I start to think how the years have flown  
Since these wee feet pattered beside my own.

Only a tiny curl of gold,  
That clung years ago to a baby head  
Here it is in the old bureau.  
I remember the day when I laughing said,  
Tho' mother should lose her baby girl  
She will never part with this golden curl.

Only a thought of seeing her weel,  
Her children's children around my knee ;  
Fond fancy pictures many a scene  
Not *always* the one that is to be ;  
I never pictured her lying at rest  
With the wee hands folded across her breast.

Only a tiny mound of grass  
 Where the dancing sunbeams love to play,  
 Only a tiny marble cross  
 That throws its shadow at close of day;  
 Yet a spot where I love to sit and think  
 Of our joyful meeting beyond the brink.

Only a tiny span of life  
 But it seems a weary time to wait,  
 Will my darling be looking out for me  
 Will she know her mother at heaven's gate?  
 Or will she be changed from the babe I knew  
 With the sunny locks and the eyes of blue?

I cannot tell, I do not know,  
 But I leave it all in a Father's hand.  
 He who took my lamb will restore to me  
 (I can trust, where I cannot understand);  
 And I *feel* ere I reach the Great White Throne,  
 That the baby I loved will be still mine own.

July 21st, 1902.

### Nature Versus Golf.

Or, as mere man would put it, Golf versus Nature.

Come, let me be off  
 To my game of golf,  
 'Tis a glorious autumn day;  
 Nay, do not speak,  
 But fetch my cleek  
 And the cap I wear at play.

Oh! I hear her say,  
 Dear Harry, stay,  
 'Tis so quiet in the house for me;  
 See! have a look  
 At this *lovely* book,  
 While I make you a cup of tea.

Can a man refuse  
 Tho' he'd rather choose  
 To be up on the breezy moor?

It might be too soon  
 If 'twere honeymoon,  
 Hush! she's coming to the door.

Oh! you naughty man  
 Do you think *you* can  
 Appreciate that lovely view?  
 With your "putts" and "tees,"  
 Can you look at trees,  
 Or the ocean's sparkling blue?

\* \* \* \*

Ah! he has gone off  
 To his game of golf,  
 And forgotten to say "good-bye."  
 I'll take my book  
 To that sheltered nook  
 And gaze at the sea and sky.

'Tis lovely weather  
 And oh! the heather  
 Is reddening 'neath the sky,  
 'Tis sweet being fanned by the perfumed breeze,  
 Inhaling the scent of resined trees  
 And lulled by the hum of honey bees,  
 Gath'ring spoil ere the day be done.

\* \* \* \*

"Halloa! you here?  
 Why? wifie dear  
 I am coming home to tea."  
 Was your dream of golf?  
 But I never scoff  
 For Nature hath soothéd me.

January 1907.

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### Moonlight.

I have gone in the moonlight to look on a grave,  
 In the moonlight I've gazed on the sea,  
 And when all the world slept,  
 And the stars vigil kept,  
 I have thought in the moonlight of thee.

In the moonlight I've pondered o'er many a scene  
Which memory loves to recall,  
For tho' sun's cheering ray  
Driveth darkness away,  
Still moonlight is dearer than all.

'Neath the moon when in sorrow I've wandered for hours,  
The bitter tears dimming my sight,  
'Neath the night's healing balm  
My bruised spirit grew calm,  
In the peaceful and placid moonlight.

I have tended the sick when the moon's tender ray  
Cast shadows on ceiling and floor,  
And I've thought of the time,  
In that glorified clime,  
When the moonlight shall be never more.

Oh ! I love well to kneel in the moonlight at prayer,  
For Life's burdens slip gently away ;  
Yea the soul can commune  
'Neath the rays of the moon,  
With its Maker, more near than by day.

And I bear on my heart all the dear absent friends  
Who are parted by land or by sea,  
Tho' the long years have flown,  
Still the calm moon looks down,  
That is shedding her beams around me.

In the moonlight I think of the dear little babe  
That God gave and took back in one day.  
Ah ! 'tis happier far,  
Beyond sun, moon, and star,  
In the smile of its Saviour away.

All thro' my life's journey, I've loved the moonlight,  
And will love it—while God gives me breath ;  
When the end draweth near,  
May its calm beams shine clear,  
O'er the river that mortals call Death.

### Lines Written to my Intended Husband

Upon hearing that he had been purchasing portières, &c.,  
to embellish my new home!

Oh! Pathrick, asthore, yez of all men the best,  
A plasterin' an' feath'rin' yer little bird's nest,  
But a sthory I'm tould an' I'm fearin' it's true,  
There's a hole in yer coat, where the money runs thro'!

#### *Chorus.*

For its aisy to purchase in anny foine shop,  
But the thrubble, yez see, is to know whin to sthop.

Oh! Pathrick, me darlint, I fear ye've no sinse,  
Fur yez scatther the suv'rin's as if they were pince,  
Whin yer little bird floies to the nest yez prepare,  
Shure she'll foind that there's nothin' to live on but air!

Troth I'm puzzled wid thinkin' be noight an' be day,  
How I'll git yez to act in a sinsible way,  
Yer heart's tirrible big, tho' yer sthipend's so small,  
Yet, I don't wish yer heart to be lessened at all!

Toike a thought, Pat, agraph, an' commence to lay by,  
For the rainy clouds gather at toimes in the sky;  
Spind little, save more, an' bedad yez soon be  
A far wiser spalpeen than before yez knew me!

---

### Retrospection.

Lines written while sitting in "The Cottage" garden,  
after my Aunt's death—Oct. 16th, 1897.

The trees were whisp'ring, and the autumn air  
Both soothed and calmed me, as I lingered there,  
In the old garden, where in days gone by,  
We trod the paths together, she and I,  
Rejoicing in God's world, beneath *His* sky.

The same old world; yet ah! how strange it seems,  
To think that one is absent, save in dreams,  
Dwelling above, the other lonely strays,  
In mem'ry thro' the old familiar ways  
When life and love clasped hands in happier days.

Still on "The Cottage" wall the roses bloom,  
Shedding upon the breeze their rich perfume,  
Wooring so sweetly, as in days of yore,  
Yet mutely, that dear hand which nevermore,  
Shall cull the fading blossoms of an hour.

\* \* \* \*

The evening shadows deepen, and the breeze  
Rises and moans among the restless trees,  
I turn to go, yet fain would linger here,  
Farewell, sweet spot ; in many a coming year,  
At thought of thee, will fall the bitter tear.

### The Divinity Flirt.

Dedicated with due respect to his facsimiles either at  
home or abroad !

No I never mean to marry,  
So in that case, don't you see,  
I can flirt with ev'ry pretty girl,  
Who's introduced to me ?

No matter whether dark or fair,  
Short, stately, stout, or thin,  
I take captive *their* affections,  
But they never take *me* in.

Except, well yes I *do* admit  
That *once* I was a fool,  
A red gowned bajan I was then,  
But newly loosed from school.

I *know* I have a handsome face,  
Tho' it *must* be plain to her,  
That (in my senses) I would ne'er  
Have loved a milliner.

Save to beguile the tedious round  
Of "grinding" when at college,  
By interfusing female chat,  
With omnium gath'rum knowledge.

*She* says I comprised her !

But I *know* you will agree,  
The fault lies quite the other way,  
She fell in love with me !

Girls have a penchant for the cloth,  
So, since I got a charge,  
I combine the gay Lothario,  
With gentleman at large.

My intellect I rarely use  
When in their company,  
I simply sit, and *smile* at them  
Till *they* smile back at me !

Sheer nonsense I can talk with ease  
To those whose speech is flat ;  
But *at times* Theology I spout,  
If I *think* they're up to that !

They could not exist without me,  
Oh ! the parish *would* be tame,  
If I left it for another,  
Where I'd act the very same.

\* \* \* \*

Don't make your boast so loud my friend,  
But hearken unto me,  
Some men have oft to bid farewell  
To cherished liberty.

And just when feeling most secure,  
Are often trapped for life,  
By one they *never* would have dreamed  
Of choosing for a wife.

### Unfulfilled Promises.

Lines written by request upon a small branch which  
had been carelessly broken off.

Oh ! little twig ! what cruel hand hath snapped thee  
In idle hour from off thy parent stem ?  
The mother-arms, which erstwhile had enwrapped thee,  
Are empty now, and many a beauteous gem

Of bud and flower in dust unheeded lie  
Which might have gladdened *some* grief-stricken eye.

How tenderly spring, sun, and shower were wooing  
\* Into new life, the germs that sleeping lay  
Within each tiny heart. Ah! sad undoing  
Of Nature's hopes in one short April day;  
God's handiwork by man's rude touch despoiled,  
His fair creation in one moment soiled.

June 1896.

### Rich and Poor.

#### *Poor Girl.*

It's toiling, toiling all the day from rise till set of sun,  
With never a look of gratitude, nor a smile from any one.  
Oh! work is hard, and the pay is small,  
But the ache in my heart is worst of all,  
And there's no one to meet, no one to greet,  
As I thread my way thro' the busy street,  
So many I see, yet there's none for me.  
Oh! I wish my life were done!

#### *Society Girl.*

Oh! Life is *so* monotonous, I am weary of it all,  
I have nought to do from rise of sun, until the shadows fall,  
Of dancing, flirting, and novels too,  
I'm heartily sick. What *shall* I do?  
And it's tiresome to greet, tiresome to meet,  
The same old faces in every street,  
They pall on me so, yet where can I go?  
The world is very small.

\* \* \* \*

Ah! The world is large to the penniless girl,  
Who hath no one in it to love her,  
'Tis poor and small, and can yield no fruit,  
To the one who ranks above her.  
*She* hath toyed with a dozen loves or more,  
That are ruthlessly cast aside,  
While for love of one a heart would warm,  
That for loneliness near had died.

You say things are not ordered right,  
 That you cannot understand?  
 I daresay not, but *some* can trace  
 The working of God's hand.  
 And where He lavishly bestows,  
 He means that one to share  
 Her lavishness with those whose lives  
 Are lonely, cold, and bare.

*Some* hearts that crave for sympathy  
 Are empty till they die.  
*Some* hands hang idly down that might  
 Have dried some tear-dimmed eye.  
*Some* purses fill and fill again,  
 Yet leave their owners poor,  
 While there's hungry hearts, and empty hands  
 (God help them!) at their door.

Ah! *Rouse* thee, sisters, while ye may,  
 The night draws on so soon,  
 And swiftly shadows fall, where late,  
 Blazed hottest sun of noon.  
 Youth's blood runs swiftly in the veins,  
 We think that youth can last;  
 And while we dream, the curtain falls,  
 Our little day is past.  
 Soon, soon, beside God's Great White Throne,  
 You each must take your stand,  
 Will His "Well done" greet you sisters,  
 In that Holy, Happy Land?

### Address to Rabbi Nicola Ayoub Tams

Upon his asking permission to speak in "The Crook."

Dear Nicola Ayoub Tams, we offer our salaams,  
 But we do not see our way to having you,  
 Indeed, it is a fact, that we scarce know how to act,  
 For we Gentiles somehow rarely love a Jew.

"The Crook" is a strange place! you're a money-grubbing  
 race,  
 And our little monies, why, we need them all;

For 'tis but a little while, since we raised a lordly pile,  
Called the *Institute* or Crook of Devon *Hall*.

Tho' my news may make you sick, we are booked for every  
week,  
Concerts, Socials, Cinematographs, and Bowls,  
And so fast have we become, that we've made the place to  
"hum,"  
And there's *very* little time for saving souls.

An hour or two on Sunday, is sufficient without Monday,  
So you need not think of travelling our way.  
But I'll *tell* you what I'll do, I'll speak often about you,  
And we'll not forget, sometimes, for you to pray.

If e'er we chance to meet, in the country or the street,  
"Twill remind you of that little Crook of Devon  
That would never give a place to a son of Israel's race,  
Yea ! you'll doubt if ever *we* will get to heaven.

But if at a future date, your views you wish to state,  
And our coffers are not *just* so very low,  
Perhaps we might do worse, than deposit in your purse  
Some gold and silver coins ere you go.

Well keep up a brave old heart ! And ere we have to part,  
From this earth (and money that we hold so dear),  
With its never-ending shams, we may meet you, Ayoub  
Tams,  
So, "good-bye," until we meet another year.

---

### Past and Present.

Where are the gallant men of long ago,  
Who hung upon a woman's "yes" or "no ?"  
North, east, or west, as far as I have seen,  
Those gallants now are few and far between.

Where is the modest maid of long ago  
Whose blushes came like sunset on the snow,  
Of lily-cheek, half-hid by ringlets fair,  
I've sought, but cannot find her anywhere ?

"*These* women had no 'rights,' but we to-day,  
Mean to defy 'mere man' and push one way,  
To public platform, Pulpit, Parliament,  
*Our* mission, we believe, is heaven-sent."

"God send you back to heaven," then say I,  
*We* fought t'avenge your wrongs in days gone by ;  
Now *you* are fighters, wheresoe'er you roam,  
We'd better sheathe our swords and stay at home.

"*We mean to have the Vote*," I hear you cry.  
We never heard such things in days gone by.  
Your spinning wheels and spinnets charmed away  
The happy hours of many a by-gone day.

But now on wheels, you cycle at full speed ;  
When walking, hobble skirts your steps impede ;  
Where once quaint rose-wreathed bonnets decked your head,  
Balloon-like bags envelop it instead.

At games, like any man you gamble now,  
Smoke, drug, and drink, unblushingly, I vow,  
Then can you think we'd love you any more,  
Than did our worthy sires in days of yore ?

Your mission is to minister to men.  
Pick up some old-world graces, dears, and then  
Cupid will do more damage with his bow,  
And *you* will find your Knights of long ago.

And when the twilight comes and shadows creep,  
When tired we rest, then sing us, dears, to sleep,  
Woe's me ! that "*War Cry*" from a woman's throat,  
Falls on mine ear—" *We mean to have the Vote.*"

---

### Ode to Thrums.

We have all come to Thrums, to twiddle our thumbs,  
And rest on our oars for a while ;  
With never a care, to inhale its sweet air,  
And with picnics the hours to beguile.

Near your "window," dear Barrie, we still hope to tarry  
 Two months ere our sojourn be o'er ;  
 And there's no saying whether, if blessed with good weather,  
 We'll not visit your birth-place once more.

Sitting quiet on the hill, one can fancy that still  
 Your mother and Leeby yet dwell  
 In the little white cot, now a world-renowned spot,  
 Within sound of the guid auld kirk bell.

But further away, up the steep wooded brae,  
 They are taking their well-earned rest  
 In kind nature's arms, safe from earthly alarms,  
 And their spirits at home, with the blest.

When writing a play, or when treading the streets,  
 I should fancy your thoughts often stray  
 From the din and the glare to a picture more fair  
 Of a little cot perched on a brae.

There are times when we long both for wealth and applause,  
 When sweet is the offering of praise.  
 But at others we yearn for what ne'er can return,  
 The peace of these far-away days.

Ah ! we'd willingly barter both money and fame,  
 And the plaudits that fall on our ear,  
 Could we slip back once more to those dear days of yore,  
 And the voice of beloved ones hear.

Yes ! the old simple life, and the dear homely ways,  
 That so lightly we prized in the past,  
 Like perfume released from a charm of the east,  
 Their memory around us is cast.

\* \* \* \*

Then Thrums, fare thee well, I may never more dwell,  
 Save in mem'ry within this sweet spot,  
 Where up on the brae 'neath the sun's setting ray,  
 I last gazed at that dear little cot.

**Some Thoughts on Burns.**

Can anyone upon this earth,  
As round the sun she turns,  
Deny the tribute, justly due,  
To Scotia's Robbie Burns?

The praise of Haggis by the Bard,  
Not only was "weel buiket,"  
The lowe it raised for endless time  
Was hot enough to cook it!

Some lines upon a humble mouse,  
That few would care to name,  
Has not alone brought praise to him,  
But caused that beastie's fame.

The Deil and toothache, subjects bad,  
(I know not which be worse),  
Both served to stir the Poet's blood  
And added to his verse.

A simple louse that meekly crawled  
Upon a woman's bonnet,  
Was turned to good account by Burns  
And e'en evoked a sonnet!

Who ever sees a daisy turn  
To heaven its golden eye,  
But thinks of *him*, who could not bear  
To see a daisy die.

Oft when we gather round the board,  
Each in accustomed place,  
A blessing asked, recalls to mind  
The Poet's touching grace.

There are a few his faults descry,  
From such a good man turns;  
The One who knew him best of all  
Gave us our Robbie Burns!

The times may change, the earth may change,  
All things may soon decay;  
But love for Scotia's greatest Bard,  
Will live in hearts for aye.

The old dame's version of the Bard  
 Rings always terse and true ;  
 And if you have not *heard* it, friend,  
 I give it now to you.

“ He'd write on ony thin' ava,  
 Flooers, mice, men, sheep, or meat,  
 And whiles he mak's a buddy leuch,  
 Then syne he gars ye greet.”

He glorified our native land  
 With sweetest strain and song,  
 Which, echoing thro' endless time,  
 To Scotia's sons belong.

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**On the Great War, 1915.**

**MAN AND GOD.**

War, War, War,  
 We think of *nothing* but War,  
 We speak by day, and we dream by night,  
 Our meals are taken along with the fight  
 That is killing our brave lads near and far—  
 Oh ! ravenous, raging, blood-red War !

Worse, Worse, Worse,  
 Is the thought of God's own curse,  
 On Nations that disobey *His* laws,  
 That make gods of men, and forget the cause,  
 While they mourn their own and their country's loss  
 Of a pierced Christ, and a blood-stained cross.

Gold, Gold, Gold,  
 Like the worshipped calf of old,  
 In life's wilderness still men bow the knee  
 To the Golden Goddess, yet oft you see,  
 After wooing and winning, in *one* short day,  
 'Neath the kiss of Bacchus, she melts away.

Far, Far, Far,  
 From God, He hath sent this War,  
 To purge our land, to remove our dross,  
 That glory and gain may spring from loss.

In sackcloth and ashes to Him draw nigh,  
Th' avenging Angel is passing by.

Gain, Gain, Gain,  
Over and over again,  
Is the only cry we have heard for years,  
Now 'tis drowned 'mid the Nation's blood and tears ;  
Will men turn to their childhood's God once more,  
'Mid the battle's din, and the cannon's roar ?

Sin, Sin, Sin,  
Around, without, within,  
Were marshalled the bravest of Satan's host,  
They fought with a will, lest one soul be lost.  
And unless earth's armies take God for Head,  
The cause will be lost, for which millions bled.

Foe, Foe, Foe,  
That causeth the direst woe,  
All the treach'ry that thou dost conceal  
Thy God at the Last Day shall reveal ;  
Oh ! pray that in this, thine evil day,  
*His* Kingdom from thee doth not pass away.

Pray, Pray, Pray,  
Down on your knees and pray,  
That the God of *Battles*, the God of *Might*,  
May fight for *us* in this ghastly fight,  
That Victory's Banner may be unfurled,  
And Peace reign over a saddened world.

God, God, God,  
Oh ! lift Thy chast'ning rod,  
We mourn our sins, and in the dust  
We prostrate lie. Oh ! God, our trust,  
Forsake us not in this dread hour,  
Reveal Thy Glory, and Thy Power.

GOD AND MAN.

Peace, Peace, Peace,  
When the sounds of War shall cease,  
When from tears of women, from blood of the slain,  
A better world shall emerge again,  
When God in our lives be first and last,  
Then calamities shall be overpast.

Let man not only "Watch and Pray,"  
But walk with his Maker, till close of day.  
To do *His* will, as 'tis done above,  
Our hearts must be filled with a Saviour's love.  
Oh, brethren, amid' Earth's wrangling noise,  
How can ye hear the "still small voice?"  
Let the voices of Earth and War be dumb,  
*His* blessing shall follow, *His* Kingdom come.  
Then turn to God, He will give us Peace,  
And Wars of nations and men shall cease.

July 2nd 1915.

**Retribution.**

Have you ever thought, my brothers,  
What God meant you to fulfil?  
Self usurps His throne, so never  
Can you *know* or *do* His will.

Too late—too late—you'll know it;  
Curse like Job the day of birth,  
When His sword of vengeance falleth  
And He sweep you from the earth.

Are you blind? Why do you dally  
With the votaries of sin?  
God's judgment hanging o'er you,  
Satan forging chains of sin!

Have you ever thought, my sisters,  
Why your precious life was given?  
Not for decking frail mortality;  
But schooling souls for heaven.

The wimpling and the crisping pin,  
The decking of the hair,  
The stretched-forth neck, and wanton eyes,  
Tinkling of jewels rare !

Oh, the lot of Zion's daughters  
Your portion soon shall be,  
For none of us can slight our God,  
With true impunity.

Nero played when Rome was burning,  
Are we better now than then ?  
Look at twentieth cent'ry *Christians*  
Fiercely fighting—are they men ?

Or devils ? Well may heathen ask  
Why God gave man his breath,  
When by thousands—nay, by millions,  
Men their brothers put to death.

Where is Christ ? Where is His Gospel ?  
Can we say we bear His name,  
When the deeds each day hath witnessed  
Put Barbarians to shame ?

Oh, the *vainity* of woman !  
Oh, the *selfish* greed of man !  
Tho' they bring about destruction  
Cannot change th' Almighty's plan.

And the place of *His* perfection  
Is shaping every year ;  
And where clouds loom dark around us  
Soon shall shine the noonday clear.

Oh, my brothers ! Oh, my sisters !  
To your knees, and humbly pray—  
“ Lord, remove Thy Hand of Vengeance  
In this our evil day.

(As of old. Thou'st kept Thy promise—  
It is *mine*—*I* will repay.)  
We have sinned, and we have suffered,  
We are helpless sons of clay.  
Then spare us, oh, our Father,  
While Thou sweep our *sin* away."

July 1915.

### A Bit of Hair.

Interrogations by "Sweet Sixteen."

Oh, mother, what a silly bit of hair  
\* Among your jewels, too. How came it there?  
Throw it away! I never thought that *you*,  
So *practical*, were sentimental too.

It is not pretty? Neither wave nor curl.  
Was it a man's? or did some "chummy" girl  
You cared for, in that *would'rous* long ago  
Of which you're always telling us, you know,

Give it to you and, like a school-girl, swear  
Eternal friendship on that piece of hair?  
Oh, mother dear, *please* do not angry be;  
Did some old lover give that hair to thee?

You ask too many questions, Louie dear,  
Still I will answer them, if you sit here.  
That little bit of hair was sent to me,  
Thousands of miles across both land and sea.

But, mother, did *you* care for him as well?  
A woman often cares, but does not *tell*  
Or show her feelings, Louie dear, if *she*  
Is modest, as a woman ought to be.

Was it before you married father, then,  
He sent the hair to you? And mother when  
It dropped from out the letter, did you cry,  
And sit and think of *him* and days gone by?

No doubt I shed some tears—I do not know ;  
It saddened me—but as I had to go  
To lift my baby from her morning sleep,  
I had no time to sit and dream or weep.

Tho' it relieves the heart oft, tears to shed ;  
My old friend did not know that I had wed ;  
So, writing me, he used my christian name ;  
He had not changed, but loved me still the same.

He said, "A man's first love is ever best,  
E'en unrequited. Would I to my breast  
Could draw you, crush the grape, and drink the wine  
From your pure lips, feeling that you were mine."

Oh, mother, *how* delightful, yet how sad.  
*Why* do things happen that way—always bad  
Instead of good, comes first—and then too late  
Old love turns up, when we have met our fate.

Ah, well, dear Louie, surely good at last  
Will compensate for sorrows of the past ;  
And thought of being loved sheds many a ray  
O'er life, like shining rift in cloud of grey.

I *wish* some one would love me just like that ;  
But, mother dear, how *could* he? when I am fat,  
And *so* unint'resting—he'd *never* say—  
He loved me in the good old-fashioned way.

I thought you did not like old fashions, dear?  
No—not in other things, but just to hear  
Him whisper that I was the *only* one  
He loved in that way underneath the sun.

I would not ask him for a bit of hair,  
But cut it off myself, when unaware  
He meditating sat, and kiss his brow  
Just as I'm kissing yours, dear mammy, now.

Well *we* must not sit any longer here ;  
If dinner is not ready soon, I fear  
Father will walk in, wearied with the heat,  
And say, "I don't see anything to eat."

For "Love is of man's life a thing apart."  
He needs more food than that which feeds the heart,  
While we feed off on crumbs from "long ago"  
Which, with the years, have grown to loaves, you know.

But, mother dear, you quite forgot to say  
If your old lover is alive to-day?  
And if he is—where is he living now?  
Oh! Louie dear, don't wrinkle up your brow.

He lies at rest, not where in youth we played,  
But far away beneath the palm tree's shade,  
'Neath India's scorching skies, a sacred spot  
Unmarked e'en by the wild forget-me-not.

And tho' *we* cannot plant earth's blossoms there,  
I keep sweet flowers of mem'ry fresh and fair.  
Flowers of the past, well watered by our tears,  
Remain unfading thro' the changing years.

\* \* \* \*

Ah me! My jewel box I open wide  
And drop the little piece of hair inside.  
A tear to keep it company—and then  
Turn bravely to my household cares again.

July 1915.

### Margaret's Monologue.

#### A Present Day Skit.

I'm shair I dinna ken what to say—  
The warl's gae'in' on i' an' awfu' wey.  
Tae think that I canna' en' ma days  
I' the croft—wi' its dear auld-farrant ways.

Ilka buddy *noo* seems tae rin a race,  
Raisin' the stour i' their neebur's face.  
An' thae fule-like thin's they drive the *noo*  
Are a pest—wi' their grunts—like ma muckle soo!

Thae bykes an' motors bizzin' alang;  
Ah'm shair t' Almichty thinks them wrang;  
For they flee like the verra deil himsel';  
Deed *I'm* jalousin' they'll rin tae hell!

Dae ye think thae aeryplanes that flee  
 I' the air wus ever meant tae be?  
 Deed no—an' oor Maker *kens* they're wrang—  
 He gied *legs* tae men, fur tae steer alang.

They soom thro' the air, at siccan a speed,  
 Drappin' thae bombs on oor verra heid,  
 Settin' fire tae oor biggins, oor beasties tae—  
 What neist wull thae villainous varmints dae?

Cu'd I han'le a gun, I'd like fine tae try  
 A'e shot as the brutes flee owre the sky.  
 They'd get a fleg! but mebbe wud fa'  
 On the rui' o' ma house, an' smash the wa'.

There's nae tellin'; but they nicht smash me tae,  
 Sae I'd best e'en lat them gang their wey.  
 They'll no soom, flee, or bizz for lang;  
 The warl's en's comin', or Marget's wrang.

I wus ga'en fra' hame, noo I think I'll bide  
 An' mak' siccar o' no bein' seen ootside.  
 I'll gang tae ma bed, pu' the blankets on tap;  
*They'll* no tak' fire if a bomb su'd drap.

That *I* su'd ha' lived tae see the day  
 When folk went daft i' this awfu' wey.  
 We'll no get peace till the day we dee  
 For the warl's gane crazy, 'tween you an' me.

July 1915.

### Reveries.

By a perspiring, bored, dispirited Anglo-Indian, re-cuperating in  
 the verandah of his Bungalow after a long and serious illness.

They may talk of coining fortunes  
 With the rascally rupee,  
 But I'd sooner save some coppers  
 In the Homeland of the Free.

And I'd rather play with men'ry  
 By the old home's ruddy glow  
 Than chew the cud of fancy  
 In this beastly Bungalow.

When I try to think of Scotland  
 (Which mayhap I'll see no more),  
 The unshed tears come scorching,  
 While I'm moist at every pore.

And I sadly watch the vessels  
 As they turn their heads for home,  
 Vainly wishing screws were churning  
 Up for me the ocean's foam.

What's the use? I'm always growling,  
 For delay I cannot brook.  
 Here, old Bomba, go and fetch me  
 Whisky peg, cigar, and book.

Let me try to banish sorrow ;  
 Deep within "the flowing bowl"  
 Lies perhaps the only comfort  
 For a solitary soul.

In the years I've sometimes wondered  
 If I'd lead a happier life,  
 Could I cut away old habits  
 And betake myself a wife.

But the *most* of girls are fickle—  
 Gay and giddy butterflies—  
 And love rarely is the winner—  
 In life's Derby—no—the prize

That the mothers urge their daughters  
 All to strive for and to win  
 Is the best of *earthly* bargains,  
 With (may be) the man thrown in !

But there's pretty little Cathie  
 With her soft endearing ways ;  
 Somehow, when that maiden's near me,  
 I can *feel* the olden days.

And I fancy I am standing  
 By the ruins of the mill,  
 With the sweetest girl beside me—  
 Gad ! I wish I had her still.

But the evening shadows gather  
As she whispers, "Good-bye, dear."  
Hey, why ! surely I've been dreaming,  
Yet she seemed so very near.

She wept upon my shoulder  
As I clasped her lissom form ;  
But my castle fell in ruins  
Ere 'twas roofed in from the storm.

Had old fate been just more kindly,  
Chances are, we might have wed ;  
But, here I'm sitting musing,  
And my old love's maybe dead.

\* \* \* \*

Ah, here comes Bomba grinning  
With a maiden in the rear.  
Who *can* it be ? the *sweetest* face  
I've seen for many a year.

She smiles, she hesitates—her hand  
She stretches out to me—  
Good God ! The ring I Mary gave  
On that little hand I see !

Oh ! Harry, don't you know me ?  
Say you're glad to see me here ;  
Across that horrid ocean  
I have come to see you, dear,

All alone, for you were dying,  
Charlie wrote me, and I came ;  
*Now* you look at me as if you  
Did not even know my *name* !

My heart goes thump ! I cannot speak !  
But, stumblingly, I rise  
From the deck chair on which I lounge  
And *gaze* into her eyes !

And *then* my arms are opened wide,  
She's drawn into my breast,  
While kisses pass'nate as of yore  
On those sweet lips are pressed.

Yea ! lips, hair, eyes, and slender throat  
 All got their share, you bet.  
 Did I get mine ? Of course I did—  
 In fact, I get them yet.

\* \* \* \*

I never gather rupees now,  
 And I own no Bungalow,  
 For I live at *Home*, and my fortune is—  
 A girl I used to know.

July 3rd 1915.

### A Puzzle.

One of my earlier Poems.

Is your hero a farmer of acres wide,  
 Is he rearing stock for sale,  
 Are his crops the best in the countryside,  
 Does he brew the finest ale ?

Nay—the one I love is no farmer red  
 Who, when selling, gets often sold,  
 With scarcely a thought save sales in his head  
 And how to turn stock to gold !

Is he medical then, with practice good,  
 With patients, prescriptions, and pills,  
 With bandages, ointment, and extracts of food,  
 For curing their various ills ?

Nay—the one I love is no great M.D.,  
 Mixing up nauseous pills,  
 Who takes for one visit a guinea fee,  
 And often the patient kills !

Then is he a cleric with living good,  
 Who ministers to the poor,  
 And from his own table, sends wholesome food,  
 Their starving frames to cure ?

Is he a divine, of talents bright,  
 With a num'rous flock to keep,  
 With purse strings pulled by day and night  
 For the wants of his bleating sheep ?

My hero has many talents bright,  
But he wears not gown or bands.  
He has plenty to do from morn till night  
With his muscular well-shaped hands.

Then what on earth does this hero do ?  
Is he barrister-at-law ?  
Or oarsman blue in a Cambridge crew,  
Fed on claret and beef-steak raw ?

My hero pulls as good an oar  
As one of your Cambridge eight,  
But not by black Thames' muddy shore,  
Nor is he an Advocate.

Does he fight, this man you love so well ;  
Would he rather die than yield ?  
Does he brave the scatt'ring shot and shell,  
On a distant battlefield ?

Nay—he does not fight on a battle plain,  
'Mid the cannon's deafn'ing roar ;  
He braves temptation, worries, and pain,  
But he dwells on Britain's shore.

Does he wear the blue of the King's Navee,  
Say, is he a sailor brave ?  
Nay—the one I love dwells not at sea,  
Nor has fought on its restless wave.

In the Peerage then is his name enrolled,  
Does he bend on gartered knee ?  
Is he statesman bold, with mint of gold,  
Of the Aristocracy ?

Is he *really* a hero, of whom you rave,  
For you seem to hold him dear ?  
Yes—he's young, and he's handsome, he's tall, and  
he's brave,  
He's a—Practical Engineer !

---

**Frosted Fancies.**

I stood in the garden, love, last night,  
 'Neath the silver moon, with you.  
 When I woke to-day the sun shone bright,  
 Each branch, each twig, was of coral white,  
 'Neath a sky of sapphire blue.

Why ! our little rustic sheltered nook  
 Gleamed forth like a fairy bower,  
 While you were dreaming, a fairy spook  
 From her crystal snow box gently shook  
 Her gems o'er each withered flower.

In the trellised arch, where red rose Turk,  
 With the Woodbine used to cling,  
 Tho' I see him not, a sprite must lurk,  
 For 'tis like a craftsman's cunning work  
 In the Palace of a King.

Those little elves, when we're sleeping sound,  
 Must work with might and main ;  
 For with rosy dawn away they creep,  
 And if you or I were to take a peep  
 They would never come again.

My pane is traced with a magic scene  
 Of tropical frond and flower,  
 How swift have those little fingers been  
 With this fair, fantastic, frosted scene  
 In the mystical midnight hour.

The stream which sang as it flowed along,  
 Dear Heart, to you and me,  
 Might be singing yet, had it not been led  
 To hush its voice, by those elves instead  
 And lie still as still can be.

My eyes were held by the dazzling sight  
 Of this snow-gemmed scene outside,  
 And my thoughts swift turned to one as white,  
 My own for ever, ere fays that night  
 Could change my promised bride.

Why ! the old sundial's time-worn face,  
With its weather-beaten seams,  
That the gaudy blooms thought out of place  
In a night has gained its old-world grace,  
Thro' fairies, frosts, and dreams.

And the terrace balustrades last night  
Looked crumbling, old, and grey ;  
Now, like Venetian pillars white  
Of a Doge's Palace, gleaming bright,  
They shine 'neath the sun's clear ray.

Oh, fairy fingers, frescoes, frost,  
Who would take life as it seems ?  
Let our barque be ever so tempest-tossed,  
We'll banish sorrow, let care be lost,  
And live in a land of dreams.

4th December 1914.

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### Compliance.

You wish me to forget the past, old friend ?  
'Tis not an easy task you set me—still,  
'Twould not be courteous to refuse desires  
Of one so kind, e'en of old things he tires ;  
Thus—I obey your will.

And to the Past, all that *is* past consign  
Thoughts, feelings, sentiments, that sweetened life,  
Just as one lays one's old belongings by  
In some old cupboard, safe from curious eye—  
You see—you have a wife !

And I a husband ! Good-bye, then, old friend ;  
Life's present joys shall ever fill my heart.  
I give old Father Time these bygone years,  
Their "might-have-beens," their sunshine, and their  
tears,  
And from the Past I part.

### Watch.

Dedicated to my Two Little Girls.

Watch your feet, perchance they may slip,  
As heedlessly over Life's path you trip—  
Alas ! there are many unseen snares ;  
Watch ! lest you be caught, dears, unawares.

Watch your eyes, let them only see  
What is helpful to others, and good for thee.  
Let them view God's wonders everywhere—  
Earth's baubles will then seem light as air.

Watch your tongue—'tis a treach'rous thing,  
Tho' it speaks sweet words—yet its deadly sting  
May poison the mind and wound the heart  
Of a friend—'twere better with life to part.

Watch your mind—lest a sinful thought  
Creep into a corner and hide unsought ;  
Harbour only there what is pure and true,  
That the world may be sweetened, dears, by you.

Watch your hands—let them never idle be ;  
They are beautiful gifts God gave to thee.  
The good they may do can ne'er be told,  
And blessings can scatter more rich than gold.

Oh ! watch your heart—"Love is blind," they say,  
And youth is easily led astray ;  
But if wisdom and love go side by side,  
With God's blessing no ill can you betide.

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### Regrets.

He loved me once, time was I did not know it ;  
He loves me still, alas, that I should know  
That I should have to tread life's path without him,  
Hide from the world a love I dare not show ;  
And, like a puppet, gaily laugh and sing,  
While memory stabs with many a bitter sting.

He loved me once ; alas, had I but known it ;  
 He loves me still ; I know it to my cost.  
 'Twere best, perchance, had he his heart ne'er opened,  
 For, oh, we cannot bring back what is lost ;  
 The happy days when love makes sunny weather—  
 The days "we two" might have been young together.

He loved me once ! Yes, I *am* glad to know it,  
 For, after all, life here is very brief ;  
 He loves me still, and tho' I cannot show it,  
 The thought brings solace in the midst of grief,  
 And soon we'll meet each other on that shore  
 Where Love and Friendship bloom for evermore.

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### Stout versus Thin.

A small Play—not upon the Boards—but on Words.

James Thin and John Stout,  
 Made up their minds to catch a trout,  
 One kept out, the other fell in—  
 Now was it John Stout, or was it James Thin ?  
 Mind Stout was thin, and Thin was stout,  
 And between them both they caught *one* trout.  
 Now while they quarrelled that summer's day,  
 The wiley trout wisely wriggled away,  
 Leaving the two men, Thin and Stout,  
 To guess what the rumpus had been about.  
 Thin shook Stout's hand, and Stout shook Thin,  
 Till, like "brithers baith," they reached the Inn ;  
 And, like Tam o' Shanter's world-famed bout,  
 They refreshed the "inner man" with stout.  
 The last word caught above the din,  
 As they hiccoughed their way from out the Inn—  
 "We'll catch that (hic !) trout to-morrow, Thin !"

---

### A Child's Thoughts on the Death of Her Playfellow.

Our Willie is dead, and my heart is so sore,  
 For his dear little face I will see nevermore ;  
 But he's safe with his Father in heaven, I know,  
 And we'll meet at the Gate when God calls me to go.

But, oh ! it seems strange, when I look at his chair—  
So smiling and happy he used to sit there—  
I feel I must meet him at lessons or play,  
And then I remember dear Willie's away.

I wonder why God takes the children away,  
Instead of old people—I've heard mother say  
She was tired of the day, with its burdens and heat ;  
But *he* never tired, nor his dear little feet.

They ran ev'ry day, and they ran ev'rywhere,  
Thro' the grounds, in the class-room, and up the broad stair,  
But run where I like or peep round every door,  
I cannot see Willie's bright face any more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The angels have wanted our Willie maybe  
To sing up in heaven, so that's why, you see,  
He just *had* to leave us when God bade him go,  
He was fitter for heaven than *I* am, I know.

What will I do there, for I never could sing ?  
P'raps God makes each scholar do some different thing.  
If *I* could do just what I liked 'twould be this—  
To be first at the Gate to give Willie a kiss.

June 29th, 1915.

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### The Wishing Well.

Have you ever heard of the Wishing Well,  
'Mong the bracken, down in that little dell ;  
Where the silv'ry birch, and the rowan tree  
Link hands o'er the burn that is rushing free ?

It is nice and quiet, and we're all alone—  
Let us sit down here on this mossy stone,  
And I'll tell you the tale as 'twas told to me,  
Near this very spot, by that alder tree.

'Twas in summer, oh ! many years ago,  
When the great red sun was sinking low,  
(The wish must be breathed at close of day),  
That a happy party came down this way.

Two men and two maids, a gay quartette,  
Tripped over the heather, and bright eyes met,  
And hand clasped hand, to help them along,  
While echoes awoke with their mirth and song.

"Now, hush," said Jeanette, as they reached the Well,  
"It is very solemn—bend down and tell  
The Fay of the Well all your wishes true,  
And I'll whisper my own just after you."

Then Everard knelt on the slab of stone  
Worn away by "wishers" in days long gone—  
He rose, with a smile on his handsome face,  
And Jeanette stepped forward and took his place.

Then Stanley, gravely, with almost a frown,  
Bent over the Well, and kept looking down  
Into its depths, as if fain he would see  
What Fate would be his in the years to be.

Then suddenly turned, saying "Listen, here,  
Suppose we all meet in some coming year  
If spared, and our various fortunes tell,  
In this spot by the same old Wishing Well."

They all agreed, with a smile and a sigh,  
Which they knew they gave—but could not tell *why*!  
Then Lucy said timidly, "Maybe you men  
Won't wish after years to come here again.

Come away, dear Lucy, 'tis now your turn."  
Said Jeanette—"Then I think we'll cross the burn  
And picnic up on that sunny brae,  
Not returning home till the close of day."

Before going on, I must ask you, dear,  
To remember the names of those people here  
Of whom I've been speaking, and you must know  
Their looks, tho' it all happened long ago.

Jeanette was dark, with most lovely eyes,  
Not blue, like our radiant summer skies,  
But a tender bronze, always calm and cool,  
Like the depths of that little Wishing Pool.

And Everard loved her more than his life  
(As the saying goes), and I know the wife  
That he prayed for, down on his knees that night,  
Was Jeanette, with her winning ways and bright.

He was handsome too, and one *had* to gaze  
At his Grecian face, and yet the praise  
That was showered on him never seemed to change  
The man at all. Yes, 'twas passing strange.

He was in the Army—a Captain then,  
And greatly beloved—a man among men ;  
No wonder poor Lucy lost all her heart,  
And let tears fall too, when they had to part.

\* Dear Lucy was pretty, and sweet, and fair,  
And her face peeped out from such golden hair  
As you read of in novels, but rarely see ;  
\* Yes, Lucy was sweet, as sweet could be.

Now Stanley was captive to Lucy's charms  
(Tho' he never dared take her in his arms),  
And his wishes that night were that Lucy dear  
Would set sail with him in the coming year.

\* \* \* \*

The years went by, but that bright quartette  
Came here no more. They had never met  
At the Wishing Well—but nothing I knew  
Till a bolt (as they say) shot from the blue.

They had heard at the Inn—just up the way—  
That the Colonel was coming home that day,  
And the village was proud as proud could be—  
Had their Colonel not won the Queen's V.C. !

Gay bunting from every window flew,  
The pipers got out their pipes and blew  
Such a welcome blast—that the Colonel's eye  
Looked strangely moist, and I wondered why.

But soon I knew, for he sat alone—  
Was he thinking of happy days now gone,  
Of the Wishing Well, and the dear one there,  
With the tender eyes and the raven hair ?

For Jeanette had made him a loving wife,  
And in saving *him*, she had lost her life.  
In a native rising, a fatal shot  
Had been fired, and our dear Jeanette was not.

He told us himself, with many a break  
In his voice, how she suffered for his sake,  
And the babe she left him had winged its way  
To its sainted mother that self-same day.

"And do you remember the Wishing Well?"  
He said, after a pause, "Ah! who can tell,  
What is best for us foolish mortals here?  
Hopes dashed to the ground, in one short year."

"And Stanley, I wonder where he is now?"  
He passed the worn hand over his brow,  
"Ah! Stanley, he had as fine a career  
As any man, how I wish he were here."

"Poor fellow! he had a stroke of the sun  
And was strange for years; some said that the gun  
Went off." "Oh, never! don't tell me he  
Took his life?" "I suppose it *had* to be."

"Dear Lucy! have you heard of her?"

"Yes, once, she was up at Jalimpur  
As nurse to a lady I knew well there,  
A sweet little thing she was, and fair."

And I thought that his eye looked not so sad,  
When speaking of Lucy, and I was glad;  
So I drew him on to converse at ease  
About places and people, it seemed to please

The saddened man, so we chatted on  
About happy times that had come and gone,  
And at last retiring, he looked so bright  
That my heart (for him) rejoiced that night.

\* \* \* \*

Now, fever broke out in our little town,  
So from London a skilful nurse came down,  
And the Colonel came in to me one day  
In an agitated kind of way.

“The new nurse has come, can you ever guess  
Who she is?” “Not our dearest Lucy?” “Yes!”  
It took me by storm, for I never knew  
That she was in England now, did you?

“No, I never knew, ’tis a glad surprise,”  
And I looked straight into the Colonel’s eyes,  
And methought he looked like a changed man,  
While his dark cheek flushed beneath the tan.

One day I went up, I can scarcely tell  
Why I wandered there to the Wishing Well,  
But as I drew nearer, what did I see?  
Two figures beneath the old rowan tree.

I dared not move, neither make a sound  
For fear of the dry twigs on the ground  
Crackling beneath my eager tread  
So I stood close up to a birch instead.

Tho’ the day was closing and growing cool,  
They went down on their knees by the Wishing Pool,  
Then he turned to her, and—you know the rest—  
Lucy’s golden head was drawn to his breast.

And I heard him say: “After all those years,  
And your eyes, dear Lucy, were full of tears  
When I left for the East. Did you really care  
So much for me then?” “*That was my prayer.*”

“You put up that day at the Wishing Well?”  
“Oh! Everard, dear, you have made me tell.”  
“Thank God, then, I know that your love is true,  
And for years, dear Lucy, I’ve cared for you.”

You ask what became of the happy pair?  
They wedded soon after. Look over there,  
Where you see the smoke from those chimneys rise:  
Well, that was their earthly Paradise.

They had one little girl whom they called Jeanette,  
She had marvellous eyes, and hair like jet,  
And two fine sons: now there’s only one—  
The Major was killed by a brutal Hun.

Well, the hounds met here one October day,  
And Jeanette was riding her handsome bay ;  
But when "taking the leap" at some meadow gate  
She was thrown. The huntsmen came up too late

To save her life, for the horse had reared,  
Then rolled over Jeanette ere her father neared.  
Her mother's heart was broken that day,  
And the Colonel grew old, and bent, and grey.

The youngest son lives in the moated Grange,  
A widower, morbid, lonely, and strange,  
And oft in the evenings, I've heard them tell,  
How he never goes near the Wishing Well.

And why, do you ask ? On a sunny day,  
Without nurse, the twins wandered up this way,  
No one near them, poor things, and *none* to tell,  
How into the treacherous pool they fell.

They were not found for days, and wild with grief,  
Their father, in drugs sought to find relief.  
Now into his grave he is sinking fast,  
Dark clouds o'er the future, no light from the past.

'Tis sad, when you think of that gay quartette ;  
Oft when sitting here I can fancy yet  
That the zephyrs sighing in that little dell  
Are their voices down at the Wishing Well.

They say there's a curse on that lovely spot  
That is blue with the wild forget-me-not,  
And people are warned now *not* to tell  
What they hope for down at the Wishing Well.

But 'tis growing late, we had better go.  
I have made you sad. How little we know  
What will meet us here, be it joy or dool,  
As we stand at the brink of Life's Wishing Pool ?

**Lines on a Violet.**

Only a little violet,  
 Once blooming by "The Cottage" door,  
 Recalling scenes we ne'er forget,  
 That, spite of time, are with us yet,  
 Fond scenes from days of yore.

Only a perfume faintly sweet  
 Like precious memories stirred,  
 By finding in some treasured place  
 The relic of a well-loved face  
 And dear voice long since heard.

Only a blossom ! faded too,  
 Yet holding still a spell.  
 For oh ! it speaks to me of you,  
 And friendship fadeless, pure, and true,  
 Spite of that word "Farewell."

Go little blossom o'er the sea,  
 Breathe in his listening ear  
 A message sweet to him from me,  
 That fain his face once more I'd see  
 His welcome voice would hear.

Tell him, sweet flower, we all do fade,  
 Soon we must say "good-bye,"  
 Ere long in Earth's calm bosom laid,  
 While *you* bloom brightly o'er our shade  
 Beneath the sunny sky.

**Drifting.**

Lines written while sitting in a Boat.

Out on the beautiful sunlit sea—  
 All alone.  
 Watching the light on hill and tree  
 And purpling stone.  
 Rowing and drifting, drifting and rowing  
 Over a sea like amber glowing  
 Over the tide so softly flowing—  
 All alone.

Out in the evening cool and grey—  
All alone.  
Thinking of dear ones far away—  
Loved ones gone,  
Who are sleeping gently, gently sleeping,  
Safe in a Heavenly Father's keeping,  
While I am weeping, drifting and weeping—  
All alone.

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### **A Fragment.**

A vision pure and bright she stands  
'Neath the old oak tree,  
With idly-folded sun-kissed hands  
In a reverie.  
Love lurks in the depths of her eyes dove grey,  
Of whom is she dreaming this fair June day.  
Of the Prince who shall steal her heart away,  
'Tis surely he!

A gallant vessel homeward hies  
O'er the white sea foam,  
The glad tears start in many eyes  
At the sight of home.  
While bounding hearts fly swiftly to greet  
Other kindred hearts they in fancy meet,  
In busy mart or in cool retreat  
Where love can roam.

---

### **The Dying Boy.**

One of my early Poems.

It was the twilight hour when all is still,  
The sun had sunk behind the western hill,  
And, save the rippling of the running stream,  
No sound disturbed the quiet of Nature's dream.

Within a hush'd and silent chamber lay  
A dying boy. I watched the dim light play  
Around his noble brow and features fair,  
Tinging with gold his locks of curling hair.

He longed to be at rest within that home  
Where earthly care and trial never come,  
And as he lay he turned his lustrous eyes  
Upon the fading glory of the skies.

He seemed to see his mother's snowy hand  
Beck'ning him thither to the Promised Land,  
His fair young sister with her dazzling charms  
Ready to welcome him with outstretched arms.

Upon the closed lid a teardrop bright  
Glittered and sparkled in the waning light,  
A heavenly smile his quivering lips o'erspread,  
Then faded, and his gentle spirit fled.

### Spring: Past and Present.

Yes! they tell me Spring is coming,  
And that every passing breeze  
Wafts love-liltings from the songsters  
Building homes in budding trees.

But mine ear seems closed to gladness,  
And mine eye to beauty's scene,  
For the past hath hid and buried  
All the joys that might have been.

And they fill my room with blossoms  
Pure and stainless as the snow,  
But *I* seem to see them blowing  
On a grave I used to know.

I have loving hands to tend me,  
Wordless memories they bring,  
For the heart and hand are silent  
Which made heaven of my Spring.

Oh! I long for Spring eternal,  
It will rival every Spring,  
For I'll spend it with my loved ones  
In the presence of Our King.

**An In Memoriam to Alfred Lord Tennyson,**

Who departed this life 6th October 1892.

Oh! Peerless Poet! Seer and Saint combined,  
Whose works were pure and lofty as thy mind,  
Bright was the laurel that begirt the brow  
Which by a fadeless crown is circled now.

Well might our people lay thy hoary head  
In cloistered Abbey 'mid the mighty dead.  
No sceptred monarch ruling on his throne  
Swayed subjects' hearts more truly than thine own.

Mere earth-born power and genius never gained  
What the outpourings of a heart attained  
Which drew its waters from the heights above,  
True source of peace, and purity, and love.

When men were well nigh fainting by the way,  
Worn with the heat and burden of the day,  
Oft has the fruitage of thy teeming brain  
Refreshed their drooping souls like falling rain.

Great master-singer of the English race!  
Who 'mong our poets takes so high a place;  
No son of Britain ever can aspire  
To waking sweeter strains than stirred thy lyre.

Tho' Death's veil hide thee from our mortal ken,  
Deathless thou'lt live in hearts and lives of men,  
Whose high achievements yet may prove to be  
Sheaves of the goodly grain once sown by thee.

So rest thee, noble soul! Thy race is run,  
The goal is reached, the higher life begun;  
To future ages shall thy works go down,  
And with undying fame thy mem'ry crown.

---

**Floating.**

Floating down the stream together,  
'Neath the sun's bright ray,  
In the balmy cloudless weather  
Of the budding May.

'Mid the peace by sound unbroken—  
 Save by zephyr's sighs—  
 Thoughts lie deep, so love unspoken  
 Only speaks from eyes.

Eyes that never wept for sadness,  
 In their depths reveal  
 Every inward thrill of gladness  
 That these young hearts feel.

Oh ! that life flowed on for ever  
 For that happy pair,  
 Like the peaceful shining river,  
 Shadowless and fair.

While they dream the hours are flying ;  
 Swiftly in the West,  
 As the summer day is dying,  
 Sinks the sun to rest.

Heedless of the stars now gleaming,  
 Seated side by side,  
 'Neath the silver moonlight streaming  
 Ever on they glide.

And a wind comes up the river,  
 Whispers thro' the trees ;  
 And the water-lilies quiver  
 In the chilly breeze.

\* \* \* \*

Floating down life's stream asunder  
 'Mid the darkened years,  
 Clouded by a foolish blunder,  
 Dimmed by bitter tears.

Would love's words had ne'er been spoken  
 On that summer's day,  
 Two young hearts had ne'er been broken  
 In life's budding May.

**A Warning against Gossip.**

Oh ! Polly, did you notice, dear,  
How Mr. Aevenal  
Kept always hov'ring very near  
Jane Gowans at the ball ?

He hardly ever left her side  
Until obliged to go ;  
You'd think she was his chosen bride,  
She smiled and giggled so.

No, Kate, I cannot say I did ;  
But walking out to-day,  
The road was icy, and she slid  
In *such* a funny way.

I'm sure she could have kept her feet,  
But round the corner *he*  
Was coming quick, so, for a treat,  
I stopped the fun to see.

His cane dropped from his hand, his hat  
Went rolling on the ice ;  
His glasses fell, but what of that ?  
Oh ! Polly, dear, *how* nice."

"And did he take her in his arms,  
Or whisper in her ear ?"  
He said, "I'll help you to the farm"—  
The rest I could not hear.

But, oh ! If you had seen her face ;  
Her heart was in her eyes.  
I wished I had been in her place,  
But, Kate, dear, *how* time flies !

Really we must not stand too long,  
The world is *so* ill-bred.  
I never gossip, for it's wrong,  
But still it will be said

We've scandal been concocting here,  
Because we speak forsooth  
Simply of what we see and hear,  
And nothing but the truth.

To-morrow afternoon, then, Kate,  
To tea and chat, at four ;  
I'll scrape *some* news (so don't be late) ;  
And tit-bits, too, galore.

Au revoir, dearest ; good-bye, dear.  
And quite absorbed in mind  
These chattering magpies did not hear  
A footstep close behind.

*He* gravely bowed and crossed the street  
From where the two girls stood ;  
They murmured words reverse of sweet,  
Indeed, they sounded rude.

"The nasty man !" "The horrid cad,  
I'll cut him !" "So will I."  
"Oh ! Polly, was it not *too* bad  
To act the part of spy ?"

"We must not speak outside again,  
And, Kate, if I were you,  
I'd make a confidante of Jane,  
For all she's good and true."

"Altho' she's dowdy in her gear,  
Wears clothes not worth a shilling,  
To lend a sympathetic ear  
Old Jane is always willing."

So, when Jane Gowans next they met,  
They told with tears their tale,  
She laughed, and tossed her curls of jet,  
"His house is up for sale."

"His wife, poor woman, was insane,  
But now she's right, you see,  
So please, girls, do not think again  
Of marrying him to me.

"I was engaged to Frank Tralee  
Before last Christmastide,  
And ere it comes again I'll be  
A blythe and happy bride.

“I only hope, dear girls, that you  
May find as good a mate,  
If not—my words were always few—  
Don't change your single state.”

---

### **The Old Year and the New.**

Oh! the dear old year is dying,  
All its hours are nearly o'er,  
And it slips away 'mid sighing,  
We can call it back no more,  
And our eyes are dim with weeping,  
And our burdened hearts are sore.

It came in with mirth and greeting,  
It goes out 'mid tears and pain,  
For the friends we then were meeting  
All have vanished, and in vain  
Do we list for well-loved voices  
We shall never hear again.

How we miss the tender pressure  
Of the hand that death hath chilled,  
And the over-brimming measure  
Of the love which ever filled  
Dear eyes! whose light like heaven's own  
Our inmost being thrilled.

Ah! our hearts are full of anguish,  
But we seek Thy Throne in prayer,  
For tho' spirits droop and languish  
'Mid earth's sorrow-stricken air,  
They can never soar to heaven  
Without finding comfort there.

\* \* \* \*

On our ears fall strains of gladness,  
As we sit and muse forlorn,  
Let us lay aside our sadness,  
For another year is born,  
And hail with joy, God's latest gift,  
This pure and stainless morn.

**Ode to Spring.**

Welcome ! sweet season of the opening year,  
 Thy smiling skies to us are very dear,  
 For 'neath them young trees bud and flowers appear.  
 By fragrant perfume thro' the woodlands shed,  
 We trace the violet to its mossy bed.  
 In ivied woods pale primroses are seen,  
 And lilies rise from shafts of em'rald green,  
 While at their side, like flakes of feathery snow,  
 Upon their slender stems the wind-flowers blow.  
 The birds are carolling on the dew-dropped sprays,  
 The stream goes chattering thro' the fern-clad braes,  
 All Nature sings its Great Creator's praise.  
 Come ! Let us join the chorus, gladly sing ;  
 With joy, we hail thy birth, " thrice blessed Spring."  
 In spite of us our sorrows droop and fade,  
 And hope springs up with every opening blade.  
 Care seems to vanish like a withering flower,  
 And hearts grow lighter 'neath thy magic power.  
 Sunshine shall come with roses in her train,  
 And russet Autumn with her golden grain.  
 Winter, in charity, o'er earth's dull bed  
 Her snowy coverlet once more shall spread,  
 And when dear Christmastide with joy returns  
 Once more we'll sit where bright the Yule-log burns ;  
 But e'en amidst its heartfelt mirth and glee,  
 Still—still, sweet smiling Spring, we long for thee.  
 Then let us ever rapturously sing  
 Our praises loud to Him who sends the Spring.

---

**Lines written on a Sprig of Holly purporting to have  
 come from Scotland.**

Oh ! little sprig of holly,  
 With your scarlet berries bright,  
 What memories do you recall  
 Of meetings in the dear old Hall,  
 Where loved friends gathered one and all  
 On good old Christmas night.

Dear little sprig of holly,  
No wonder you are bringing  
Sweet thoughts and mem'ries o'er the sea,  
For they are all entwined with thee.  
Come ! Waft the very chimes to me  
Which now at home are ringing.

Oh ! shining sprig of holly,  
My tears fall thick and fast,  
You bring back many a golden dream  
Of life that, like a tranquil stream,  
Caught every passing subtle gleam  
Of sunshine to the last.

Oh ! welcome sprig of holly,  
How my heart goes out to you,  
For those who pulled your berries then  
Have passed beyond our mortal ken ;  
I ne'er shall meet their like again—  
Dear friends, so tried and true.

There ! little sprig of holly,  
With my treasures you shall lie.  
See ! where the Bible, stained and old,  
Lies near that curl of living gold,  
The brow o'er which it hung is cold.  
Ah ! woe is me !

Feel for me, sprig of holly,  
For my heart is very sore.  
Gaze at that little velvet case,  
You see it holds an honoured place ;  
It safely shields a treasured face  
I loved in days of yore.

So, little sprig of holly,  
I shall lay you gently there,  
Among these letters, once like snow,  
Now dim with age. *You* cannot know  
The joy they gave me long ago  
When life was fair.

But, little sprig of holly,  
 Surely my God knew best ?  
 I never harboured doubt nor fear,  
 My "promised land" seemed very near  
 When Jesus whispered in his ear,  
 Come home and rest.

And, little sprig of holly,  
 When you are old and brown  
 Some other hand than mine will take  
 You from this case, and for my sake  
 May keep you, memories to awake  
 Of dear days flown.

---

**At Rest.**

Nature was slipping off to rest,  
 The Autumn winds were sighing,  
 The clouds were fading in the west  
 When the miller lay a-dying.

Around the ancient moss-grown mill  
 Light-hearted bairns were playing,  
 Unconscious of that chamber still  
 Where the sun's last beams were straying

Over a loved face, drawn and white,  
 And over the nerveless hand,  
 Rough with toil, stole the faded light  
 Like a ray from the Other Land

Whither he journeyed. Cold and grey  
 Shadows are swiftly stealing  
 Over the bended forms that pray,  
 And down on the stone floor kneeling.

Mute with anguish, the miller's wife,  
 Over her loved one bendeth ;  
 Soon he will change this fitful life  
 For the life that never endeth.

She cannot keep, amid her woe,  
 Her wayward thoughts from straying  
 Back to an evening, long ago,  
 When two lovers went a-maying.

Words return to her, uttered where  
 The hazel bows meet over,  
 That night, when summer's balmy air  
 Was filled with the scent of clover.

How can she speak the word "Good-bye"  
 To him who is going to leave her?  
 Oh! to be back beneath that sky  
 With never a thought to grieve her.

Down in the copse to wander slow,  
 Shadowless skies above her,  
 Listening beside the burnie's flow  
 For the footstep of her lover.

\* \* \* \*

The dawn is breaking; o'er the trees  
 The crescent moon is paling,  
 And thro' the pines a fitful breeze,  
 Like a lost spirit wailing,

Is borne on air, to where at rest,  
 Safe in his Father's keeping,  
 His severed spirit 'mong the blest  
 The miller lies a-sleeping.

---

### In Memoriam.

Lines written on the late Lady Grisell Baillie.

Weep not, ye trembling ones—she is at rest  
 Within that home, where long her heart hath been.  
 The veil is rent—upon her Saviour's breast  
 She leans—her eyes His blessed face have seen.

\*“Earth's mournful and mistaken views” are past,  
 The truer, clearer vision is her own;  
 And in the presence of her God at last  
 She gathers with her loved ones round His throne.

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<sup>2</sup> Quotation from a letter of Lady Grisell Baillie's to the Author.

Rejoice, O mourners ! that the race is run,  
 The weary burden dropped, the cross laid down ;  
 For her the life eternal hath begun,  
 She wears the spotless robe, the golden crown—

The blood-bought trophies of her risen Lord,  
 Whose life inspired the one we miss to-day ;  
 And let us raise our hearts with glad accord  
 To Him who gave and took our loved away.

O erring, sin-steeped souls ! who by her love  
 Were led in penitence to Jesus' feet,  
*Your* welcome 'mid the ransomed hosts above  
 Will make her pæan of victory complete.

March 1892.

### **The Young Highland Recruit.**

Thoughts on Leaving for the Front.

Will I ever see the hills again,  
 Or the heather moors aflame,  
 Shall I ever step through the Highland Strath,  
 Or "Donald" be but a name?

Shall I ever stand by the wimpling burn  
 That makes music 'mong the fern,  
 With the one who has plighted troth with me,  
 God knows, will I e'er return?

Shall we ever sit on the mossy knowe  
 Wrapped round in the arms of love,  
 Or shall one of us live to mourn alone—  
 While the other dwells above?

Shall we ever sail o'er the bonnie loch  
 Where I often rowed with thee?  
 Oh ! Annie dear, I may have to cross  
 Death's dark and narrow sea.

Though I'll bravely fight when I am away,  
 When I step on that foreign strand  
 Oft my thoughts will turn 'mid the din of war  
 To my own—my native land.

When the bullets fly, and the big guns roar,  
And the shrapnel shrieks on high,  
I will have no fear—for I'll think of thee,  
And pray that I may not die.

But if He wills that I give my life,  
That I fall like other men—  
Shall I still be dear to her I love  
In that distant Highland glen?

Or will Rhoderick with honeyed speech,  
With the gold in his purse—and hair—  
Seek to fill my place, and win the love  
Of my trusting maiden fair?

I'd spill each drop of my heart's best blood  
For my Country and my King.  
And if only I knew that she'd be true,  
Death would *not* be a bitter thing.

I'll just take a step to the old Kirkyard  
That lies on the sunny brae,  
To say "Good-bye" to the dear ones there,  
Ere I shoulder arms and away.

And I'll often think of this bonny spot,  
When I stand 'neath a foreign sky,  
Where the harebells wave o'er each lowly grave,  
And the peewits lonely cry.

So I'll pluck a bit of the heather red,  
And I'll wear it on my heart—  
From a tiny sprig (though they take my sword)  
They would never bid me part.

If when wounded—a comrade, tending me,  
Sought to stem the crimson tide ;  
He might send my Love these heather bells  
With her Donald's life-blood dyed.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis chilly now for the sun has set,  
And 'tis fading, the golden glow ;  
I scarce can stir for my heart is here,  
Alas ! I must rise and go.

A last farewell—my Land, my Love  
 Though brave a soldier be—  
 No tear that falls need cause him shame,  
 And I part with tears from thee.

---

**Suspiria Noctes.**

When thro' the long and sleepless hours I lie,  
 With throbbing brow and ever-wakeful eye,  
 A lonely vigil keeping—no one nigh.  
 Oh ! draw Thou near.

When my hot heart is full of deep unrest,  
 And thoughts disquieting perturb my breast,  
 Lord, on Thy loving bosom may I rest  
 Without a fear.

In life's quiet moments may it be my choice  
 To hearken to the whispers of a voice  
 Which ever bids the trembling heart rejoice  
 That trusts in Thee.

Tones of that "still small voice" lost in the heat  
 Of this world's turmoil and its rush of feet,  
 And drowned 'mid earth's harsh discords, Lord repeat  
 Unto mine ear.

When rudely driven o'er life's angry sea,  
 O'erwhelmed by fear and sad perplexity,  
 Stretch out Thine Hand and bid me come to Thee,  
 And be at peace.

Tho' my frail barque be sadly tossed about,  
 Care's freight within, Fate's lashing waves without,  
 May it ne'er shipwreck on the rock of doubt,  
 But reach its haven.

When o'er my sky night's shadows darken fast  
 Thy beacon rays upon the waters cast,  
 Until death's dreaded harbour bar be past ;  
 Then safe with Thee.

And with my loved ones on that peaceful shore,  
Where neither billows rave nor tempests roar,  
Praises to Thee I sing for evermore—

My God and King.

Bowden Mause, 1891.

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**April.**

Most fitting emblem of our life on earth,  
Sweet April! joyfully we hail thy birth;  
Altho' symbolic of the changing years,  
To us thou comest blending smiles with tears.

Thine advent Nature is the first to greet,  
Scatt'ring her floral offerings at thy feet,  
Opening the portals of her precious store,  
Bidding the earth bring forth and bud once more.

Sad stricken heart! go forth and blossom too;  
In love and praise and thankfulness anew  
Lay selfish grief aside, and morbid care,  
To God lift up thy smitten soul in prayer.

Trammelled by earth thou'lt never reach thy God,  
To gain the light frail flowers pierce thro' the sod;  
They need the sunshine—thou a Father's love,  
On Faith's firm pinions soar to heaven above.

Soon, weary mortal, opening to thy view,  
Shall dawn eternal Spring with all things new;  
"There shall be no night there"—one endless day,  
And God's own hand shall wipe thy tears away.

---

**Alane.**

Oh! mither, dear, ye maumna mind if whiles I sit an'  
greet,  
For there's times I canna' thole the thocht we never mair  
shall meet,  
That I've seen the last o' him who used to smile so kind on  
me,  
An' that never mair we'll stan' aneath the buddin' hazel  
tree.

An' wi' his strang han' claspin' mine, we'll roam nae mair  
thegither  
By the mountain burns aye tumblin' doon among the  
purple heather.

Weel, weel, I mind his luik yon day an' ev'ry word he  
said ;  
By nicht an' day thae words o' his keep runnin' thro' my  
head.  
It's hard tae think that he was fau'se when he turned his  
een on me,  
He looked *sae* kind, an' I was blind wi' love's sweet  
mystery,  
An' he pled as only *he* could plead, as he drew me to his  
side,  
That I'd gang wi' him to the wee grey kirk, and there be  
made his bride.

I never thocht the time could come when his words wad  
prove untrue,  
Or that a' thae weary years gane by I'd be livin' still wi'  
you ;  
Oh ! mony a time when stanin' in the auld kirkyaird my  
lane  
I think that I wad raither dee than live thae years again ;  
In the lang grey simmer gloamin' when I wander on the  
hill  
I've a strange an' awesome feelin' as if he were wi' me still.

For the heather's just as bonnie noo, an' the rowan trees as  
briht,  
An' the floo'ers turn a' their faces roon' tae catch the  
e'enin' licht,  
The wee bit burns gae dancin' doon as in thae days lang  
syne ;  
But I cannot see ae blink o' hope in this weary hert o'  
mine ;  
There's times I try to rouse mysel' an' be cheery for your  
sake,  
But all the while I'm tryin' tae smile my hert is fit tae  
break.

I ken I'm selfish in my grief, but oh ! it's hard tae bear,  
 For life had ne'er a cloud on it, an' the future seemed sae  
     fair,  
 An' God luiks doon an' sees my grief, an' yet He keeps me  
     here ;  
 When I'd rather faur be up abune wi' a' made plain an'  
     clear ;  
 But mither, dear, ye maumna greet. Oh ! God, forgi'e me  
     noo—  
 I see it a'—He spared me here tae wark an' pray for you.

---

### Long Ago.

The outside world is cold and white,  
     I heed not the falling snow,  
 For I bathe in the never-fading light  
     Of memory's golden glow.  
 In thought I travel to days gone by,  
 When never a cloud o'erspread my sky,  
 When merely to live was ecstacy—  
     Dear days of long ago.

My humble hearth is bright and warm,  
     But my heart is warmer still—  
 So, unheeding, I hear the blinding storm  
     Whilst I wander on at will,  
 On and on, through a mystic haze  
 Which rests like a halo o'er childhood's days,  
 Back to the old familiar ways—  
     Dear ways of long ago.

Once more I see in memory's land  
     Dear faces I have known,  
 And feel the touch of many a hand  
     Which used to press mine own,  
 While, like an echo faint, I hear  
 Familiar voices in mine ear  
 Which have been silent many a year—  
     Dear years of long ago.

I have been asleep and dreaming  
 While my fire was burning low,  
 Now the setting sun is streaming  
 O'er a world enwrapped in snow,  
 But the flush is nearly dying,  
 And a gentle wind comes sighing  
 Like a far-off voice replying  
 To thoughts of long ago.

Hark! Thro' the silence ringing  
 Like the faintest angel chime  
 The dear old bells are bringing  
 Mingled thoughts of olden time,  
 Golden days with bright to-morrows,  
 Interwoven joys and sorrows,  
 Which we would not wish to borrow  
 From days of long ago.

\* \* \* \*

To many a bitter "might-have-been"  
 Time points with shad'wy finger,  
 And now o'er every vanished scene  
 A sadness seems to linger.  
 It dulls my heart, it clouds my brain,  
 Till tears fall fast like summer rain;  
 I would not wish them back again—  
 Those days of long ago.

Our heavenly father would not have  
 Us mourn o'er useless sorrow—  
 One passing earthly joy to crave,  
 Or vanished trouble borrow.  
 He knows our grief, He knows our fears,  
 The secret trials and the tears,  
 The sun and shadow of the years  
 Which swiftly come and go.

But *He* would have us lift our gaze  
 Beyond Time's veiled portal,  
 To realms of light where ceaseless praise  
 Doth rise from lips immortal.

Blest Land ! There shall be "no night there,"  
No death nor crying, pain, nor care ;  
The Lamb shall light these mansions fair.  
For ever, and for ever.

Alone, within my chamber dim,  
Upon my knees I fall  
And raise my heart in praise to Him  
Who wisely planneth all,  
For sorrow sanctified will bring  
Us daily nearer to our King ;  
The clouds and darkness of earth's night  
But presage Heaven's glorious light.

And resting soon at close of day,  
Like little children tired with play,  
We'll wake upon the Eternal Shore  
To greet our loved ones gone before,  
To praise our Father evermore,  
For days of long ago.

Skelmorlie, 1893.

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### Now and Then.

The rustling of the trees in the gentle summer breeze,  
And the rhythmic, rippling music of the spring  
Take my thoughts to days gone by,  
When no cloud o'erspread my sky,  
And life seemed like one long enchanted dream.

Oh ! the perfume of the May seems to fill the air to-day,  
And the breathing world is bridal with its snow ;  
Oh ! that world is fair to see,  
Tho' its beauty brings to me  
Only memories from days of long ago.

I can see you as you stood near the little birchen wood,  
The sunbeams lighting up your chestnut hair ;  
You were robed in shimmering white,  
And I thought that summer night  
I had never seen a vision half so fair.

The sky shone blue above ; Nature spake of nought save  
 love,  
 My heart was full, and yet I scarce dare speak ;  
 I turned and looked at you,  
 The lashes veiled the blue,  
 And I saw the wild rose deepen in your cheek.

There were none save you and me, far as the eye could see,  
 All around us stretched the smiling summer land.  
 So the old tale, sweet to hear,  
 Was breathed softly in your ear  
 Ere we crossed the clover meadow hand in hand.

Now, I sit alone and think, by the streamlet's mossy brink  
 Of that happy dream which vanished like the dew,  
 And in thought I backward gaze  
 To those dear departed days  
 When heart and soul were filled alike with you.

The world is looking bright, as it did that summer night,  
 Flowers are blooming, songsters singing, lovers woo ;  
 I see your angel face,  
 But my arms clasp empty space :  
 I long—oh ! how I long, dear Heart, for you.

And beneath the summer sky, in a dreamless sleep you lie,  
 Where no sound of earth can ever break your rest,  
 Where at morn and close of day  
 Songsters chant their sweetest lay,  
 And the wild rose strews her petals on your breast.

\* \* \* \*

But there's sadness in the breeze as it moans among the  
 trees,  
 And a melancholy murmur in the stream  
 As if nature strove to say—  
 All things earthly pass away,  
 And life is but one short and troublous dream.

**Gillette.**

A Eulogy : By a Middle-aged Blade.

Razor ! Nay, sir !

Surely you don't say, sir,

For this Gillette,

Which beats all yet,

You can't afford to pay, sir !

Finest blade, sir,

World has ever made, sir.

No need stropping,

Saves all mopping ;

Cuts hair to a shade, sir !

Selling by the score, sir !

Sell as many more, sir.

Very thin !

Cut your chin ?

No fear—never sore, sir !

Look at *me*, sir !

Smooth as smooth can be, sir !

Cheek, chin, all—

Like billiard ball.

Best proof you could see, sir !

Try a shave, sir ?

People rave, sir.

Not worth your while ?

Old-fashioned style ?

This beats the best it gave, sir !

Reduce—sir ?

No use, sir.

What with Free Trade,

Even a blade

Comes to be dearer made, sir !

No fear, sir ;

Not dear, sir.

None in *this* street

Can, sir, compete

With *us*—that's *very* clear, sir !

Not stay, sir?  
 Good day, sir.  
     Some time try it?  
     *Sure* to buy it.  
 Find your purchase pay, sir!

**First Love.**

I love thee in the sweet Springtide,  
     When Nature wakes from sleep  
 And bids the slumb'ring earth arise  
     Her bridal morn to keep,  
 When Love and Life spring side by side  
 By God's own sunshine glorified.

I love thee in the Summer time,  
     When all is sweet and fair,  
 When many a fragrant blossom flings  
     Its perfume on the air,  
 When roses whisper many a tale  
 With blushes to the lilies pale.

I love thee in the Autumn,  
     When the harvest's garnered gold  
 Recalls the Father's promise  
     To the Patriarchs of old,  
 When on the hills the wild bee tells  
 Its secret to the heather bells.

I love thee in the Winter  
     As I loved thee long ago,  
 When Nature lay a-sleeping  
     'Neath her spotless robe of snow,  
 When round the Yule log's blazing light  
 Once more dear absent friends unite.

In every season, every clime,  
     Where'er I chance to rove  
 My thoughts shall travel back to thee,  
     Sweet spot, for where we love  
 In happy youth's unclouded day  
 The constant heart lives on for aye.

**Fair and False.**

Oh ! the glittering dew drop is far more fair  
Than the jewels which gleam in your raven hair,  
And the tranquil blue of our summer skies  
More clear and true than your azure eyes.

Yes ! Your lips are as red as the blooming rose,  
But for me they can never such sweets disclose ;  
Not e'en when they open o'er rows of pearls  
Will it win me to call you " my girl of girls."

Oh ! false as fair, are you triumphing yet  
O'er conquests of men you as soon forget ?  
Do you still, as of old, play a double part,  
Then smilingly tread o'er a breaking heart ?

Your laughter may ring in the ears of men  
With its magical music, but never again  
Can it thrill my pulse as in days of old,  
Or rekindle a love which hath long been cold.

Cold, cold, as the tomb where that throbbing breast  
Oft pressed to my bosom shall *saferly* rest,  
Where the lips that were false shall be sealed for aye,  
And thine eyes *fast closed* to the light of day.

---

**Stars : Earthly and Heavenly.**

Lines suggested by the perusal of some poems written in imitation  
and style of Indian verses.

Oh ! gifted ones, could you foresee the ill your glib pen  
spreads,  
Instead of wearing laurel wreaths in *shame* you'd bow your  
heads,  
Once floated on the tide of Time no power can e'er retrieve  
What yet in future years may cause your sisters fair to  
grieve.

Oh ! gloss not o'er the flagrant sin with glittering of gold,  
The chalice, most ornate and rare, may rankest poison  
hold ;

How bitter oft the juices held within the brilliant rind,  
The picture, rich in glowing tints, may stain the purest  
mind.

The loveliest flower, tho' fair to view, may hold within her  
leaves

What soothes the senses for a time, yet in reaction grieves;  
The verdure, green and fairy-like, which spreads so sweet  
and cool

Oft hides beneath its loveliness a dark and treach'rous  
pool.

We read of swamps that swiftly kill with their miasmie  
breath,

Of sylph-like syren forms of old who lured men to their  
death :

And, tho' gifted in large measure, many women of to-day  
Still lure men to destruction by the facile pens they sway.

Men call us Queens ! Then sway their hearts by all that's  
pure and true ;

But ne'er let Poesy your robe of modesty undo :

'Tis woman's greatest charm, and charms when even beauty  
dies :

'Tis beauty in itself, and lives beyond earth's changing  
skies.

\* \* \* \*

Instead of desert stars of earth methinks 'twere better far  
To fix our earnest, steadfast gaze on God's own eastern  
star,

'Twill lead our wilful wandering thoughts beyond the vision  
given

Of meteors rare that flash in sight upon the darkness of our  
night,

And from fading, falling stars of earth to the fadeless light  
of Heaven.

---

### In the Night Watches.

Oh ! weary days and wakeful nights,

When heart and brain are sore,

When the ceaseless cry is ever nigh

For what Time will ne'er restore :

The dear old days,  
With their lightsome ways—  
Dear days that can come no more.

Oh! weary watcher in the night,  
Lone vigil thou must keep ;  
At thy throbbing breast there lies at rest  
What is dearer far than sleep.  
The burden you bear  
Is a gift more fair  
Than those days for which you weep.

Oh! chant a song in the hush of night,  
'Twill soar on angel wings,  
And hearts that pray oft tune their lay  
To a harp with many strings :  
The far and near  
Blend strangely here,  
Earth's music thro' Heaven rings.

I thank Thee, God, for wakeful nights,  
For an ever-active brain,  
For mystery planned by Thy loving Hand  
That draws pleasure out of pain ;  
For the magic thought  
In the stillness wrought,  
Coming swifter than falling rain.

For the goodly gift bestowed on me  
Which steals sleep from mine eye,  
Yet opes the gates of Spirit land  
When all earthly visions fly.  
Ah, some would give gold  
For what I behold,  
But to them it ne'er comes nigh.

A foretaste of far better things—  
These visions of the night,  
And voices heard with wakeful ear  
Are dumb in the broad daylight ;  
They vanish away  
With the sun's first ray,  
Returning with moonbeams bright.

Ah ! Happy days, tho' wakeful nights,  
 Will my heart be ever sore ?  
 Will the ceaseless cry be ever nigh  
 For what Time can ne'er restore—  
     For that burden pressed  
     To my throbbing breast,  
 Now held in my arms no more !

**Memories.**

Bright summer time is here,  
 Fair Nature's face is bright ;  
 But to me 'tis all so drear,  
 And my heart is full to-night.

For she's lying in her grave  
 In a sad and lonely spot,  
 Where the fragile harebells wave  
 By the blue forget-me-not.

Where ne'er a sound is heard  
 Save the moorfowl's mournful cry.  
 And the grasses scarce are stirred  
 As the winds go whisp'ring by.

But one little year ago  
 She was walking by my side,  
 In the sunset's golden glow  
 As my newly-plighted bride.

Oh ! To think she's lying here,  
 Far, far from haunts of men ;  
 Fast falls the bitter tear,  
 We shall never meet again.

Never more, my darling, never,  
 Her sweet face again I'll see  
 Till my life is o'er for ever  
 On this side, Eternity.

I turn away in sorrow :  
 Ah, the world is very drear ;  
 Not for me a bright to-morrow,  
 For my heart is buried here.

For she's lying in her grave  
In a sad and lonely spot,  
Where the fragile harebells wave  
By the blue forget-me-not.

**Poem on a Holy (hole-y) Subject.**

The robe was left for stray ministers in summer. The cleric  
referred to kept the best for himself.

'Tis sad to see our churches rent  
(By greed and scism) wide ;  
'Tis sad to see our clerics, too,  
When they find nothing else to do  
Begin to put on "side"!

'Tis sad to see an altar cloth  
With cross emblazoned bright  
In gold and silk, but still to me  
(As you, my friends, will swiftly see)  
There is a sadder sight.

In oaken pulpit, carved and chaste,  
To see the preacher stand  
With eyes upraised to heav'n above,  
Benign expression, full of love,  
Blessing with out-stretched hand.

And round his form a silken robe  
That once was bright and new,  
Once (like its owner) was heart whole,  
But now, alas! like wakened soul,  
Lets all God's sunshine through.

A *hole-y* robe in every sense :  
Ah, sure, 'twere a disgrace  
One's person in it to array,  
Upon the holy Sabbath day,  
In such a sacred place.

Would men could stir the people's hearts  
That they might open wide,  
That searching words their depths might prove  
As do the rents in this old robe,  
Down front, and back, and side.

Maybe it *is* a *rented* gown  
 For summer cleric's wear!  
 If sermons fail to draw the gaze  
 Of worshippers within this place  
 The *gown* will make them stare!

'Twere quite in vain to patch the robe,  
 As, like new piece of skin  
 On ancient Eastern bottle sewn  
 (This in the Bible we are shown)  
 Ne'er keeps the old wine in!

Methinks this robe's outlived its day,  
 'Twere time it took its ease;  
 Let all the good kirk folks attend  
 Its solemn obsequies,  
 Or let its worn-out frame expire  
 Like Hindu on his funeral pyre.

\* \* \* \*

*Afterthought.*

Yet, tho' we thought its day were done,  
 Methinks 'twere safe to say  
 That it might act with wings outspread  
 (Minus a cleric's neck and head)  
 In quite a useful way;  
 Despite of all its wear and tear  
 From farmers' fields the birds might scare  
 For many a summer's day.

---

**Lines supposed to be written by one of the Sterner Sex  
 to cheer on a Fellow-creature in Life's Path.**

Oh! There's nothing like a kiss  
 When anything's a-miss;  
 When the cold and callous world doth use you badly,  
 Then put your lips together,  
 'Twill soon be sunny weather,  
 And you'll smile and laugh where once you felt so sadly.

If your heart is like to break,  
Why, just you give a shake  
To the hand of him who first doth turn up near you ;  
For I know it for a fact  
That a hearty shake doth act  
Like a charm, and all the day will serve to cheer you.

If you feel down in "the blues,"  
Then not a moment lose  
In going forth to cheer a bluer chum.  
Of a sudden you will find  
All the clouds lift from your mind,  
And the sun will shine where once all seemed so glum.

If you feel like "giving up,"  
" 'Tis the last drop in my cup,"  
And such silly rot as men use ev'ry day,  
Why, seek a cup that's new,  
Make a stimulating brew :  
While you drink it vow you'll never more give way.

When you cry "I'm sick of life,"  
Go, think of your poor wife  
Who's been sick of you and it for many a year :  
Hear first what she's to say,  
Then kiss her tears away ;  
'Stead of Death you'll find that Heaven's very near.

When you think you're like to die,  
And the tear starts in your eye,  
When at last into your face stares ruin grim  
Cease moaning all the day,  
To your knees, *man*, down and pray,  
Grip your burdens tight and bring them all to Him.

Then nobly do your part  
And you'll never more lose heart ;  
Ev'ry morning there's a new life waiting you ;  
Why dwell upon the old  
When each fresh hour doth unfold  
Like opening blossoms bright with sparkling dew.

New ideals fair to see,  
 Just to spur on men like thee  
 There's a ladder which God sets for those who climb :  
 Up, with your laggard feet,  
 'Twere surely never meet  
 To treasure earth for regions more sublime.

With your journey's end in view  
 You'll find how sure and true  
 Is the promise made by One who knows you best,  
 So give Him, friend, your hand  
 Till you reach the Promised Land  
 Where no fears can ever break your glorious rest.

August 1908.

 **Lines suggested by an Engraving of Fishing Smacks on  
 a Tranquil Sea in the Glow of the Sunset.**

Lazily drifting, one by one,  
 On a golden sea 'neath the setting sun,  
 And gazing, I wipe the tears away,  
 For in mem'ry I see *another* day  
 When the fishing smacks had their sails all set—  
 A day in the past I can ne'er forget.

I mind the old boats, one by one,  
 Leaving the harbour at set of sun,  
 And I watched them tear through the blinding spray,  
 While I furtively wiped a tear away ;  
 I feared for the lad who had left my side—  
 (But a lassie, and only a month-old bride).

The boats came back—all back, save one,  
 And my life grew dark, there was no more sun ;  
 My heart seemed turned to stone that day,  
 I had never a tear to wipe away ;  
 If only our Father had taken me—  
 But Jamie was down 'neath the deep, deep sea.

Swiftly drifting, oh ! desolate one,  
On the Tide of Life ; but thy setting sun  
Is bearing that battered barque away  
Safe to Eternity's tranquil bay,  
Where, Christ for its Pilot, Faith's sails furled high,  
You will anchor at last where no storms come nigh.

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**My Lady's Garden.**

Roses, roses, everywhere  
In the garden bed ;  
Roses, roses, rich and rare,  
Pink, and white, and red.  
Yet in all of them I see  
Roses dearer far to me.

Lilies, lilies everywhere,  
'Gainst the garden wall ;  
Lilies, lilies—oh ! so fair,  
Pure, and white, and tall ;  
I prize them, too ; they are to me  
Symbolic of Thy purity.

Pansies, pansies everywhere—  
Mauve, and brown, and blue,  
Every one so wondrous fair  
Makes me think of you ;  
In your eyes their tints I see—  
Should they not be dear to me ?

Woodbine, woodbine everywhere,  
Clinging to the trees,  
With its honeyed trumpets fair  
Calling to the bees ;  
When your sweet lips summon me  
I sip nectar like the bee.

Blossoms, blossoms everywhere  
In the garden plot,  
Yet amongst them none more fair  
Than forget-me-not ;  
Send a spray, dear love, to me  
When I'm far across the sea.

All the blossoms everywhere  
 In this garden old,  
 Like my lady love so fair  
 Treasures do unfold ;  
 In mind and heart I daily see  
 New graces bloom, dear one, for me.

August 1909.

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**Lines to a Dear Friend.**

"The reflection of a perfect soul," dear friend, you write  
 to me :

Ah ! little dost thou know the flaws your eyes have failed  
 to see,

For love is blind, and when it sets an idol on its throne  
 It clothes the plainest image with a beauty of its own.

And yet, while humbled by the thought, methinks 'twere  
 not in vain

To aim at the ideal, tho' the prize I may not gain.

Hope points us ever onward, and without its beacon ray,

Sad struggling souls would surely sink despairing by the  
 way.

Created in God's image ! yet how far from being divine,  
 Poor sinful human nature, while mortality is thine,  
 Thy likeness to thy Maker we can here but faintly trace,  
 Tho' 'twill shine out clear in Heaven, when we see Him  
 face to face.

'Tis sweet to be remembered by the friends of other days,  
 Whose words ring true, and are not merely empty words of  
 praise,

And thus I thank thee from my heart for words so kindly  
 given ;

God grant that you may prove them true when we have  
 entered Heaven.

---

**Shadows.**

Baby, wond'ring, turns to me,  
 What does little Cecil see ?

Shadows here, shadows there,  
Shadows, shadows everywhere.

On the ceiling, on the wall,  
Shadows short, and shadows tall,  
Strangest figures, quite a band,  
Childhood's happy shadowland.

There are shadows in the morn,  
When the dewy day is born,  
Shadows in the sultry noon,  
Silv'ry shadows 'neath the moon.

When the western sunlight glows,  
Shadows everywhere he throws—  
'Mong the stooks of golden corn,  
Beauties thus anew are born.

What would worn and weary ones,  
Parched 'neath scorching eastern suns,  
Give for what they vainly pray,  
Home-like shadows, cool and grey?

And, alas! my Cecil, dear,  
There are many shadows here  
That pursue us every day  
As we travel on our way.

Some pass o'er, and we are glad;  
Some remain: our hearts are sad;  
But behind the shadows, dear,  
God's own sun is shining clear.

And I pray that life may be  
Shadowless for thine and thee,  
Yet life's shadows make the light  
When it cometh doubly bright.

Shadows come, and shadows stay,  
Some will never go away,  
Till beyond life's shadowland  
Safe on heaven's shore we stand.

**Changes.**

*John.*

Ay! It's fifty years to-day, wife, sin' you and I were  
wed,  
An' noo the silver's shinin' where the gold shone on yer  
head,  
But in spite o' a' the cantrips time has played wi' you an'  
me  
It has never quenched the luvelicht shinin' bright within  
yer e'e.

Yer fit gangs no sae lichtly as it did in days lang syne,  
But 'tis music that aye pleased me best, an' will dae,  
wife o' mine,  
An' yer han' is gey an' feeble, Jean, for we're auld an'  
failin' sair,  
But we'll haud oor han's thegither till they're still for ever  
mair.

Ay, time has brocht us changes, but we dinna need com-  
plain  
When we've baith been spared thegither an' no you or me  
alane,  
An' it canna change the hert love ye have shown thro' a'  
the years  
That has aften chased the cluds awa' an' rainbows made o'  
tears.

For a' the lads an' lassies wi' hac reared wi' joy an' pain,  
In auld age there's no ane near us, we maun travel on oor  
lane,  
But oor journey's nearly ended, wife, we hinna lang tae  
bide,  
An' their aims'll sune be roon' us when we reach the ither  
side.

*Jean.*

Ay, age is on us noo, guidman, but we maun no complain,  
For we've had oor bonnie simmertime an' noo oor ripened  
grain,  
Sac we'll draw into the ingle neuk an' baith sit canny here,  
Whaur we hac sitten' side by side for mony a bygane year.

Let us coont the mony blessins, John, oor lovin' Faither's  
 given,  
 Tho' we'll never praise Him richt, guidman, until we win  
 tae Heaven ;  
*He's* never failed us aince, John, for in oor darkest day  
 He's proved, as He will *aye* prove, oor comfort an' oor stay.  
 Then rax yer han' an' tak' the Buik, the licht'll fail us  
 sune,  
 We'll leave the warl' ahint us noo, an' raise oor thochts  
 abune ;  
 Just read us oot the Shepherd Psalm, it's comfortin' an'  
 true,  
 An' syne we'll tae oor beds, John, for I'm gey an' weary,  
 noo.

---

**Lines to an Old Mirror, which came back to me after  
 the Death of a Relative.**

Old, time-worn mirror, in thy kindly face  
 Oft many another gazed, now empty space  
 Is there instead, and filled with sorrow, I  
 Stand sadly thinking of those days gone by.

Ah ! many a Dame and Squire of high degree  
 Who pleased to smile and strut in front of thee  
 Recked little that when Life's brief day was o'er  
*You* would remain to tell of days of yore.

You watched the bridal pair as low they knelt  
 To get a blessing, and I *know* you felt  
 Joyful, old mirror, tearful too, as they,  
 When from the dear old manse they drove away.

And when the bride came home from o'er the sea,  
 She held her first-born smiling up to thee,  
 And you smiled back, well pleaséd, too, I ween,  
 She was the fairest creature ever seen.

Alas ! one little year—oh ! saddest sight  
 You ere reflected in your depths of light ;  
 A silent form, clasped hands, and wreathéd flowers,  
 And you kept vigil thro' the lonely hours.

'Tis New Year's Day—ah! many years ago  
The Yule log and the candelabra shone  
Within thy crystal depths, and many a face  
Its own reflection caught with added grace.

And King Plum Pudding! Why, his very name  
Recalls past glories as, with mystic flame  
Of smoking blue and holly-crowned head  
He caused mirth around the board to spread.

As yesterday I see it all to-night.  
The champagne sparkling in the glasses bright.  
The crackers, with their happy, harmless jests  
Passed round the table by the happy guests.

And when beneath the mystic mistletoe  
Kisses made rosier cheeks still rosier glow,  
The happy owners 'neath the magic spell  
Forgot that you were there the tale to tell.

And now, old mirror, only you and I  
Are here to meditate on days gone by:  
I can reflect, but you, alas! to-night  
Cannot bring back those scenes or faces bright.

If only people were as good and true,  
And mirrored thoughts and feelings just like you:  
But we have many flaws, and so, alas!  
Can ne'er compare with you, my dear old glass.

Long years ago you showed me young and gay  
(Smiling and careless I was then away)  
Truthfully, now, you show the change of years—  
A lined face, and old eyes dimmed by tears.

And when I pass to mine appointed place,  
Done with this world, and last of all my race,  
What will your fate be, faithful friend of mine,  
Within your depths will God's sun ever shine?

Or will you 'mong the cobwebs somewhere lie,  
With nought to do save think of days gone by,  
When you within that dear old room held sway?  
Ah! well, both you and I have had our day.

**An Old Minister's Address to a Young Girl.**

With flushing cheek and sparkling eye  
'Mid dancers gay thou flittest by.

No thought or care  
Leaves on thee e'en a passing trace,  
Or shadoweth that lovely face  
With which, and form of sylph-like grace,  
None can compare.

You stray from out the heated room,  
'Mid flowers exhaling rich perfume  
You sit and rest ;  
He fans thee gently, pleased the while  
He seeks your fancy to beguile,  
To note your blush, your conscious smile,  
And heaving breast.

Ah ! subtle, smiling, suasive man,  
Let the soft winds of heaven fan  
That roseate cheek,  
And round that Grecian head of thine,  
Whose braided golden tresses shine  
Fair flowerets from the meadow twine,  
Oh ! maiden meek.

On cushioned divan, sitting down,  
One arm he carelessly hath thrown  
Around thy waist ;  
Soft words fall softly on thine ear,  
Words that a girl loves well to hear,  
God grant they may not cost thee dear—  
First Love's sweet taste !

He leads thee to the marble hall,  
Where maids and gallants, one and all,  
In pairs draw nigh ;  
With painted fan you vainly seek  
To hide that swiftly blushing cheek  
(The old, old tale it doth bespeak),  
And downcast eye.

Exotics, fruits and choicest wine  
 In rich profusion gaily shine—  
     A glitt'ring scene.  
 Ah! woman, who exceedest far  
 (As jewelled toys by gleaming star)  
 All else beside, you peerless are,  
     We toast you, Queen!

On Love, methinks, this night you sup,  
 Though pressed on thee taste not the cup  
     That redly gleams;  
 Hie rather to yon purple hill,  
 Whence springeth many a sparkling rill,  
 Drink thou, like timid deer, thy fill  
     From Nature's streams.

To *Nature's* music dance and sing,  
 For Death some day with his dark wing  
     Will fan thy brow:  
 Away from Godless scenes of mirth,  
 'Twas not for passing joys of earth  
 Thy Heav'nly Father gave thee birth—  
     Immortal, thou.

### Waste and Wisdom.

Dedicated to my eldest daughter, Patricia.

Patricia, Patricia, what scandalous waste,  
 The sweets of economy never you'll taste;  
 Independence and Thrift, once old Scotia's backbone,  
 Without which no nation can stand well alone.

Nor *you*, my dear girl, and sometimes when you sit  
 Leaning back in a chair, and pretending to knit,  
 One would think that Dame Nature had made a mistake  
 And omitted to give one, for fear it might break.

You not only waste gifts from dear old Father Time  
 (Whose patience I'm trying by writing this rhyme)  
 But the picture you look to thro' glasses of rose  
 Will be shattered as sure as these "spees" on your nose.

And the hopes of a mother, by one in her teens,  
I 'spee will be dashed into blank smithereens,  
Unless, dear Patricia, to save her such grief,  
Like your book you resolve to turn o'er a new leaf.

Oh! Patty, dear Patty, will never you try  
To be careful and saving? Is that a big sigh?  
"Don't you see that I'm reading? Don't talk, mother,  
please,  
You're bothering always 'bout trifles like these.

"From morning to night it's—'Oh! Cecil, oh! Pat,'  
'You shouldn't do this, and you mustn't do that,'  
'We *never* when girls were allowed to do so.'  
But these days were quite different, old mother, you know.

"You say that the girls were so modest and nice;  
But what made them nicer? They were not so wise  
As us, I am sure. The books o'er which *we* stew  
I'm sure would be Greek, motherkins, now, to you."

Quite likely, dear girl! but you'd stick in the mud  
If in charge of a house and when boiling a spud,  
You'd be cooking the pan, while you just took one look  
At a "quite charming story" you found in that book.

---

**Lines to a Favourite Hen purchased in aid of the  
Belgian Relief Fund.**

Oh! "Belgy" did not go to Church,  
She did something quite as good;  
There are *some* who live without the Kirk,  
But they cannot want their food.

So, while we worshipped half the day,  
And joyfully did sing,  
Quite quietly "Belgy" stayed at home  
And got our food, poor thing.

And while we on our homeward way  
Were hurrying swift along,  
Her duty finished, lo! we heard  
T' Henthusiastic song—

Of "Belgy," who for dinner got  
 A feed of ripe old corn :  
 "And well deserved," her master said,  
 "She's laid my egg for morn."  
 "Long may she live to lilt a lay,  
 And *lay* such gifts for me ;  
 Both praise and pence on her I'll spend,  
 Yet still her debtor be.  
 We raise a cheer for soldiers brave,  
 Why not for "Belgy," too ?  
 When all's expressed, she did her best,  
 What more could mortal do ?

### Disillusioned.

We stood among the brackens brown  
 That fringed the wooded heights,  
 We stood until the sun went down,  
 Till far below, the mist-veiled town  
 Shot forth its many lights.  
 Till sounds of toil had passed away  
 And earth's harsh voice was still,  
 Then murmurs from the valley grey  
 Where Oona's silver windings lay  
 Came floating up the hill.  
 And from a cloud the moon rose bright,  
 I turned and looked at thee,  
 My heart beat fast that autumn night,  
 For in thine eyes there shone a light—  
 'Twas new and strange to me.

\* \* \* \*

I stand among the brackens brown  
 That fringe the wooded heights  
 Alone—for me Life's sun gone down ;  
 Through mists of tears I view the town  
 Shoot forth its many lights.

I hear them say another one  
 Has climbed with you Love's heights,  
*Her* sun as yet has not gone down,  
 For *her* Fate hath not worn a frown  
 Nor quenched Life's many lights.

Oh! May she ever stand upon  
 Love's sacred heights of bliss,  
 She little knows *I* once stood there,  
 Or that the pass'nate kiss  
 Which wooed her, won me too,  
 Ah! Never may she rue  
 The vows of one who proved himself untrue.

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### Venice.

Lines written upon receiving as a Birthday Gift a book entitled,  
 "The Charm of Venice."

Ah! Venice, magic City, what charm and glamour lies  
 Upon your waters, gondolas, your Palaces, and skies  
 To steal away the senses and enchant the wearied eyes.

Methought last night once more I stood upon a piazza  
 there,  
 The moonlight's silver tracery lay dream-like everywhere,  
 It fell upon your bosom heaving 'neath its jewels rare.

The Poet's words came back to me, "White Swan of  
 Cities," then,  
 For you were like the City, Love. You know the ways of  
 men,  
 How Poetry and Passion ever meet like joy and pain.


Ah! floating City, could one ever gaze unmoved on thee  
 And never feel his soul attuned to perfect harmony,  
 Like sweetest music wafted o'er a tranquil summer sea.

Methinks I hear them swelling, dulcet strains from a  
 guitar,  
 As some gallant plies his gondola beneath the twinkling  
 star,  
 Or fair enchantress hasteth from her revellings afar.

I long once more to see your whisp'ring waters gleaming  
bright,  
Your palaces of marble dazling in the rich sunlight,  
Your moonlit spires and temple as we bid a last "Good-  
night."

I never see thee in my dreams, oh, "Fair Bride of the  
Sea,"  
Without your casting once again your magic spell o'er me,  
And I yearn for what hath vanished—those days of love  
and thee.

They must ever go together, like two lovers side by side ;  
No man e'er wooed one purer or more beauteous for his  
bride  
Than the vision of fair Venice on the Adriatic tide.

  
July 1st 1909.

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**Mock Orange.**

Memories.

The breeze is blowing petals of mock orange o'er the grass,  
And memories are wafted by their perfume as they pass,  
Fond memories of other days—ah ! sweeter far than flowers,  
When flew on light and buoyant wing the sunny summer  
hours.

Ah ! golden days that mocked me with your promises so  
fair,  
Would God I had not heeded all your witchery in the air,  
Or love's glamour ever lurking in a pair of eyes so blue  
That stole away a trusting heart which beat alone for you.

Sweetheart, have you forgotten that you wore an orange  
wreath ?

I little guessed the waxen leaves concealed a sting beneath  
As you placed it on the golden curls that hung around your  
brow,  
And your face was like an angel's. Ah ! I think I see it  
now.

I wonder why you women love to weave a subtle net  
 Around us helpless victims ; do you think we can forget ?  
 Or mingle with the madding crowd, and memories from us  
     cast

Which should have built a future from the glories of the  
     past.

'Tis strange, despite our shattered dreams, you hold us in  
     your spell,

Tho' disillusioned, still we scarce can breathe the word  
     "farewell,"

No Logic or Philosophy can heal a bruised heart's woe,  
 Nor Lethe's stream erase the thoughts and scenes of long  
     ago.

Ah ! once methought when basking in the sunshine of your  
     smile

That crowned with real orange bloom in but a little while  
 A bride you'd pass with me adown the dimly lighted aisle

Of the old church, and pictured saints would pour their  
     rays of light

All rainbow hued, on her I loved, garbed in her virgin  
     white ;

But no, the vision was in vain—it passed like dream of  
     night.

\*      \*      \*      \*

I see thee yet ! The orange wreath still crowns that placid  
     brow,

Tho' years have passed and you are gone I feel your pre-  
     sence now,

Had I known, dear one, you mocked me by the smile those  
     sweet lips wore

You had never wiled my heart away, in sunny days of yore.

So I never see mock orange without thinking, Love, of you,  
 And its perfume wafts me back again to sunnier skies of  
     blue,

To the time when one fair woman wove for me a magic  
     spell,

But sunlight fades, soft shadows steal, dear faithless one,  
     farewell.

July 1st 1909.

### Changes.

The circle swiftly lessens year by year,  
The old familiar faces disappear ;  
Ah ! good old times, these days of long ago,  
When life was young and hearts were all aglow.

These happy days of innocence and mirth,  
Where lifelong friendships had their joyous birth,  
We yearn in vain for what can never be  
Again upon this side eternity.

These happy Yuletide meetings of the past,  
All gone ! Like other things that cannot last,  
Still in the evening's hush I seem to hear  
Those voices silent now for many a year.

\* \* \* \*

The circle swiftly gathers up above,  
And soon a Father's welcome full of love  
Will greet us, and 'mid life that never ends,  
We'll live anew with all the "dear old friends."

### Good-night.

Dedicated to my "Bairns."

Over the mountain top so high  
The sun is bidding me "Good-bye,"  
Sinking so swift in rosy light,  
His coppery face all beaming bright,  
"Good-night," "Good-night."

Out from the old fir-tree so high,  
Whose branches seem to touch the sky,  
Cometh a weird "to-whit," "to-whoo,"  
From an owl that says to me and you,  
"Good-night," "Good-night."

The little streamlet murmuring near  
E'en seems to whisper in my ear,  
As on its busy way it flies  
'Mong rows of wond'ring flow'ret eyes,  
"Good-night," "Good-night."

The tiny songsters in their nest,  
With folded wing and downy breast,  
When trilling forth their evening lay  
Of sweetest music, seem to say,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

The little, furry, honey bee,  
That nectar sips from flower and tree,  
Spoil-laden to the hive he hies,  
Droning out softly as he flies,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

All flowers at eve, in hedge or field,  
Like us, to drowsy slumber yield;  
Some close their eyes and droop their heads  
While murmuring from their garden beds,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

The little lambkins closer creep  
Into the sides of mother sheep,  
Their gambols over for the day  
That's gone, and now they bleat and say,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

'Tis time my little lambkins too  
Were curtaining their eyes of blue,  
Folding their hands, their childish prayer  
Rising upon the evening air,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

"Good-night," my darlings, sweetly sweet,  
While Angels guard around thee keep,  
And when thy life's short day be done,  
Bright be thy evening's setting sun,  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

Thus does the glorious setting sun  
Call from his labours every one,  
And some day, when life's shadows fall,  
For the last time to us he'll call  
    "Good-night," "Good-night."

**Butter and Oil.**

Lines upon an Induction.

Butter, like mony anither thing,  
Grows dearer ilka day,  
Yet, shairly on a day last week,  
'Twas cheap in Elvanstrae !

The oil that ran doon Aaron's beard,  
Can no compare ava'  
Wi' butter spread by folk an' freen's  
In U.F. Kirk and Ha'.

I'm ettlin' that the yin himsel  
Wad think it unca' waste,  
An' butter lang exposed to air  
Whiles gets a rancid taste.

Weel, freen's, hooever yon may be,  
O' ae' thin' I am shair,  
They'll no need butter i' the maunse  
For mony a month an' mair.

I doot na' that the man hes brocht,  
Fu' mony a virtue here,  
An' as they tell't us mony times,  
He's gifted wi' buik lear.

But best o' a' he's gifted  
Wi' an angel o' a wife ;  
Noo, the wives aft need some butter,  
Jist tae smooth the wheels o' Life !

Whiles, for butter, *men* are greedy,  
But (like *it*) they quickly spoil,  
While a *wee* bit here an' there at times  
Wad lichten woman's toil.

Noo, what'na dae ye think they gied  
Oor meenister yon nicht ?—  
Twa lamps, an' ane was stanin' there,  
A burnin', shinin' licht,

Jist like himsel', but on the tap  
A bonnie silken shade ;

But no even tishie paper  
 Cled the buttery speeches made.  
 'Twas not a braw day oot o' doors,  
 Tho' meltin' fair inside  
 (The folk they cracked up cud'na melt,  
 Sae sair set up wi' pride).  
 If herts wad melt, and siller flow,  
 An' guid be quately done,  
 'Twad better please oor Lord, I think,  
 Than blawin' folks tae the mune.  
 But ilka time they get a man  
 They dab him owre wi' praise,  
 Syne, turn the ither wye, pair chiel,  
 Misca'n' him a' his days.  
 Sic a meenister they've gotten !  
 Noo, I houp there'll be nae strife ;  
 Gin they wad'na stories utter,  
 (But they've made an unca' splutter)  
 We'll dae fine wi'oot the butter,  
 When he deals the Breid o' Life.

### To a Friend Abroad.

Ah ! the summer's nearly here,  
 Friend of mine !  
 The loveliest time of year,  
 Friend of mine !  
 But my wayward thoughts will roam  
 To a land beyond the foam,  
 Would that they could bring you home,  
 Friend of mine !  
 Alas ! My wish is vain,  
 Friend of mine !  
 Shall we ever meet again,  
 Friend of mine ?  
 Tho' across the boundless sea  
 Thou art not so far from me,  
 For in dreams thy face I see,  
 Friend of mine !

Ah ! the Past was very sweet,  
 Friend of mine !  
 Do your worn and weary feet,  
 Friend of mine,  
 Ever travel down its ways,  
 As in memory you gaze  
 On these dear departed days,  
 Friend of mine !

God keep you in His love,  
 Friend of mine !  
 Till we meet in heaven above,  
 Friend of mine !  
 Where there's no dividing sea,  
 And we'll never parted be  
 In that bright Eternity,  
 Friend of mine !

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**Seccotine.**

Seccotine, oh ! seccotine,  
 Who sticketh close as any friend,  
 Tho' broken hearts you fail to join,  
 More precious far than gem or coin,  
 Still treasures rare you mend.

Seccotine, oh ! seccotine,  
 We gladly sing your praise,  
 For where your firm, yet kindly, touch  
 Restores old curios loved so much,  
 They bring back happier days.

Seccotine, oh ! seccotine,  
 It is another night ;  
 I think I see *her* as she sips  
 The souchong with her rosy lips,  
 My love all garbed in white.

Seccotine, oh ! seccotine,  
 I tell this tale to you,  
 Because you pieced the little cup  
 That called these precious mem'ries up,  
 This little cup of blue.

Seccotine, oh ! seccotine,  
 You cannot mend my heart,  
 Yet still to you I am in debt,  
 For on my mantelpiece is yet  
 That cup (dear me, my eyes are wet)  
 With which I'll never part.

January, 1910.

---

**Lines by a Unionist at the time of the  
 General Election, 1910.**

Hi' ! Welshy, gie's a grip yer han'  
 That thocht tae grip the people's lan',  
 Ye've no an inch on which to stan',  
 Faith man, ye're beat.

Keep yer hert up, yer no yet dune,  
 There's mony changes i' the mune ;  
 Ye'll bide yer time, it micht come sune  
 (It *nicht* come late !)

God gi'es intil each man his bit  
 O' lan' or gear, as *He* sees fit :  
 Man ! dae ye think tae alter it,  
 His wull Divine ?

Jist tak' the lan' intae yer han',  
 Divide and subdivide, ma man,  
 The Lord may alter a' yer plan  
 In twa-three days !

Best leave Equality alane  
 We maunna steal (tho' we'd be fain)  
 Anither's gear, anither's gain :  
 Man, George, ye're wrang !

The Peers ! I doot yer speerit grieves  
 Ye canna wear the strawberry leaves ;  
 'Mang strawberry beds there's aften thieves  
 Gey like yersel'.

'Twas half an egg in days of yore  
Ye got on Sabbath morns—no more ;  
*Noo, lunded* nesteggs by the score  
Frae folk ye'd filch !

I wunner that ye've nae mair shame,  
Tho', deed, ye're maybe no tae blame ;  
Yer dooble names yer birth proclaim,  
We a' ken Wales !

A lan' o' henroosts, hills, an' coal  
Su'd mak' contented many a soul,  
But no, ye want tae grab the whole  
O' Mother Earth !

Tae mak' sic taxes ye had cheek,  
For ilka ill-bred ward ye speak  
(An all-roun' Budget ilka week)  
Ye su'd be taxed !

Ye vow it's for the People's guid,  
When young ye had na' muckle food,  
Tho' sair temptation lang ye've stood,  
Ye're yieldin' noo !

Puir chiel, on ye men turn their backs,  
Yer scheme's been fu' o' flaws and cracks  
Jist like my rhyme, 'twill be a tax  
On ye tae read !

Ye'd hae the masses equal, too !  
Then let the lassies hae their due,  
Divide the men, there's unca' few,  
No ane apiece !

Then i' the en' ye'll shairly win  
Gin but ye let the lassies in,  
For like yersel' they mak a din  
Tae gain their case !

Tho' some may fin' themselves in goal  
For hingin' tae yer Welsh coat tail  
Tae share their fate ye wadna' fail,  
Oh ! brave L. G. !

The Government wad then be guid,  
For they'd reward ye wi' some food  
By some fair suffragettes withstood  
In righteous ire !

I fear me noo that no ane brings  
To goal auld harps or sic like things,  
But ye can harp on iither strings  
Like Budget Bills !

Then bide a wee upon yer oars,  
Ye'll maybe yet gang on a' fours,  
An' lick the dust like mony scores  
Gey like yersel !

Heids i' the air whiles crack their croon,  
For pride aft gets a sair come doon,  
Sae jist stap lichtly i' yer shoon  
An' keep at hame.

Gin ye'll gang tae yer *ain* countree  
I'll no deny ye'll honoured be,  
They're gi'en tae thievin' property  
Gin tales be true !

But pray keep frae the Upper Ten,  
The Hoose o' Peers an' sic like men ;  
Life meant ye for a but an' ben  
In dear auld Wales !

Man, George, gin ye wad tak' advice  
Ye'd hurry hame noo in a trice,  
But no, ye wish tae toss the dice  
A whilie yet !

Ye'll maybe toss a while ow're lang,  
An' i' the en' ye'll fin' ye're wrang ;  
Wi' folks affairs ye're unca' thrang,  
Jist min' yer ain !

On lan' and richts we'll no agree,  
But ae thin's shair ('twixt you and me),  
Some *feet* o' Mother Earth they'll gie  
When we are deid !

**Overheard during Election, 1910.**

*Conservative.*

I fear that ere the Poll is past  
 You'll sing another song,  
 You *think* you're *radically* right,  
 But at the finish of the fight  
 You'll find then you'll not be so bright,  
 You're radically wrong.

*Radical.*

No fear of that, the Radicals  
 Were ever in the right,  
 \* If silly folks don't vote for *us* ;  
 But over Tories make a fuss,  
 I'm sure *we* do not care a "cuss,"  
 ☞ *We're* made the noblest fight.

---

**The Earnest Socialist and the Earnest Christian.**

You rascals of Conservatives,  
 Because some dozen Peers  
 Have got free pass into the House  
 And sat on seats for years,  
 You heed not from your lofty height  
 The Nation's blood and tears.

With lordly air you say the land  
 Will bow to you its knee,  
 But time will prove that knee will crush  
 Peers for its Liberty,  
 And like sea's mighty onward rush  
 Will sweep the country free.

Time—time that Britain firmly held  
 Within her ample hand  
 Well-balanced scales of justice for  
 The people of our land,  
 No lax-made laws for titled folks,  
 While we, the poorer band

Are ground each day into the dust  
 By work more than our share,  
 While *they* draw gold in millions  
 From the burdens that we bear ;  
 But the land no longer slumbers,  
 God ! 'Tis rising everywhere !

Yea ! Soon 'twill be a massacre,  
 For many a brave man fights  
 For all that life holds dear for him—  
 His freedom, home, and rights ;  
 And, my brothers, ere an era close  
 'Twill witness awful sights.

Then up in arms, my brothers,  
 We'll fight, while fight we may  
 Until we see the dawning  
 Of a better, brighter day,  
 When righteousness and Justice sweep  
 All Tyranny away.

\* \* \* \*

'Mid Earth's wranglings and disputings,  
 Ah ! My brothers, pause and say,  
 " Did the *Master*, when pursuing  
 His vast Life Work day by day,  
 Seek to draw stained souls to Heaven  
 By fighting methods ? Nay—  
*All alone*, into a mountain  
 He went up to fight and pray.

January 1910.

### Lloyd George and the Insurance Bill.

Supposed to be written by one of the Sterner Sex, a violent  
 anti-Lloyd Georgian !

Lloyd George, Lloyd George,  
 You would have us gorge  
 A mighty Insurance Bill ;  
 But pray " ca' canny,"  
 My wee Welsh mannie,  
 Or you'll surely make us ill !

'Tis easy to plan, my fine Welsh man,  
 Such drugs for the People's good ;  
 But I hear some say,  
 They can't "pay their way,"  
 Not even buy decent food.

Poor doctors, too, are abused by you,  
 You think their blessings "nil,"  
 Yet with obsession,  
 And *no* Profession  
 You bid us swallow *your* pill !

Are your vests made wide ?  
 (You're not big outside !)  
 Is your gullet wider, too ?  
 I have my fears  
 'Twould take some years  
 To swallow that Bill like *you* !

There's poor owld Mike,  
 Says he's going "on strike ;"  
 "And be jabbers, we'll go out, too,"  
 Say Terry and Pat : now, how will *that*  
 Pay Insurance fellows like *you* ?

Lloyd George, Lloyd George,  
 Strong lies you forge  
 With your impudent red-hot tongue ;  
 'Twill have time to cool  
 When ends your rule,  
 And methinks its knell is rung.

You play low down,  
 Like some men in town  
 (Though the stakes you play for are higher),  
 But don't be too sure  
 Of your seat being secure,  
 It may crumble like wood in the fire.

But I trust and pray  
 This may happen some day,  
 Then maybe when *you're* feeling ill

No M.D. will call  
To see you at all  
Nor offer you even a Pill !

For their feelings are hurt,  
You have trampled in dirt  
The Profession most worthy of praise,  
And the stigma will stick  
To yourself when you're sick,  
Like the brand that marked Cain all his days.

Cease making a noise  
Like a child with its toys,  
That thinks all to its whims should attend ;  
When you started the game  
You were not much to blame,  
For I don't think you pondered the end.

You'll get some sound knocks,  
For, like Jack-in-the-Box,  
You sometimes refuse to go down,  
But they slap down the lid,  
And poor Jacky is hid,  
And some men have to hide out of town.

When its getting too hot  
And they can't hatch their plot,  
Like old clockers that labour in vain ;  
But its wonderful, too,  
What a ducking will do ;  
Now, I think, friends, we'll try it again.

We'll just pull L. G. out,  
Put him under the spout  
Of Political Eloquence, Tory ;  
If he's not swamped by that,  
Why ! I'll eat up my hat  
And consign his Welsh Lordship to Glory !

---

**To a Doctor, 1909.**

Dedicated to my cousin, the late Dr Archibald A. Hamilton.

You're away from the trouble and sorrow,

The hurry, the worry, the care,

The sadness that cloudeth to-morrow,

Ere its burdens you're called on to bear.

Thank God that your labours are ended,

That you rest where there's peace evermore,

Ah! many a sick one you've tended

Will rejoice that you've gained the far shore.

Tho' they'll miss the kind face with its smiling,

That brightened their weary lives here,

The tedious hours often beguiling,

The chasing of many a fear.

Yes, they'll miss the hand-clasp that was given

To many a sufferer in bed,

That awakened new visions of heaven

In souls that seemed lifeless and dead.

The bells toll out sadly and slowly,

And many a mourner to-day

Sheds tears for the brave and the lowly

Grim Death snatched so swiftly away.

Yet your life-work was done when He called thee

And bid thee come up to thy rest,

No terrors of death ere appalled thee,

He you followed was sure to know best.

Let us thank Him for all your life story,

Praise Him for the triumphs you've won,

Who hath called thee from earth up to glory

To receive from His lips the "Well Done."

---

**Kindred Spirits.**

Written long ago.

Down beside the silent pool

Where the wav'ring shadows play

In the burning heat of day,

In the twilight grey and cool.

By the sorrel-covered dells  
Where the fox-glove hangs her bells,  
Where the ivy green is found  
Creeping o'er the lichened ground,  
Sat a maiden, all alone,  
Singing in a plaintive tone,  
"My heart, like yonder bough, will break ;  
He will not know 'tis for his sake,  
I love him, but he'll never know,  
Because I cannot tell him so."

Up among the tall fir trees,  
Where scarce seen is heaven's blue,  
Where the wood-dove's gentle coo  
Floats upon each passing breeze,  
Where stray sunbeams come and go  
Lighting up the path below,  
Showing rabbits undismayed  
Skipping through the forest glade,  
And the timid fallow deer  
Drinking at the streamlet clear,  
Stood a stranger, all alone,  
Murm'ring in impassioned tone,  
"Darling, she this night shall know,  
Ere the sun's fast fading glow  
Vanish in the pool below  
That I always loved her so."

\* \* \* \*

Thro' the forest, hushed and dim,  
On they wander hand in hand,  
On thro' an enchanted land  
She goes dreaming—and of *him* ;  
Down the gently sloping plain  
Thro' the field of rip'ning grain  
Where each quiv'ring ear is soon  
Silvered by the harvest moon,  
Beneath the porch where roses blow  
He kisses her, then turns to go ;  
But ere they part he whispers low,  
"In Life or Death, come weal or woe,"  
My darling, I shall love you so."

**No More.**

The moon sails out in the sky o'erhead  
To keep silent watch o'er the sleeping dead,  
She falls on a grave by the old kirk door  
'Neath whose portals we two shall pass no more.

Touching the mound, where I kneel and pray,  
She silvers a cross that is white by day,  
That is white as thine own heart 'neath the sod,  
And thy spirit which bathes in the light of God.

She is shining now, as when last we stood  
'Neath her mellow beams by the old fir wood,  
Shining the same as in days of yore  
O'er a world where we two shall meet no more.

She strays o'er the path where we used to pass  
On those summer eves 'mid the waving grass,  
When with faith unclouded you linked my name  
With the hopes of a future which never came.

So our troth we pledged 'neath the stars of light  
Whose reflection was caught from the *Queen of Night*,  
They are glittering still as in days of yore,  
But together we'll watch their light no more.

And I wend my way to the wicket gate,  
To our trysting spot where I used to wait  
With beating heart when the day was o'er  
For a well-known footstep which comes no more.

In a dream I can hear the words you speak  
As you lay a rose 'gainst my burning cheek ;  
"This rose that I hold is not half as fair  
As the two, Dear Heart, that are blooming there."

The roses still bloom in the tree o'erhead,  
And the ground is strewn with their petals red,  
So they'll bud and bloom for evermore,  
But our love's sweet blossoming time is o'er.

\* \* \* \*

Softly the sob of the sighing sea  
Is borne on the night breeze up to me,  
As it slowly ebbs on the shingly shore,  
Where together "we two" shall stand no more.

**Soul Breathings.**

I want to know thee better, oh ! my Saviour,  
I want to walk more closely by Thy side,  
That when rude storms rage round my mortal dwelling,  
In safety 'neath Thy wings I may abide.

I want to live a holier life, my Saviour,  
But I am weak and sadly stained with sin ;  
Oh ! wash me in that never-failing Fountain,  
Which will both cleanse and keep me pure within.

I want to bear the cross for Thee, my Saviour,  
E'en tho' it presseth heavily on me,  
Not for reward, but that by ev'ry trial  
I nearer may be drawn, dear Lord, to Thee.

And tho' I have to tread the path, my Saviour,  
That rugged path which Thine own feet have trod ;  
I know it leads thro' night to brightest glory,  
Where saints are dwelling in the light of God.

Each day, each hour, I would anew, my Saviour,  
In consecration true yield up to Thee  
The spirit that before Thy Father's glory  
Presented by Thee faultless yet shall be.

I want to work with greater zeal, my Saviour,  
For even now night shadows darken fast,  
And ere I have redeemed the wasted moments,  
The season for life's sowing may be passed.

But if I truly seek to serve Thee, Saviour,  
My life, I know, shall yet transforméd be,  
And when its journeyings on earth are ended  
My soul shall find her perfect rest in Thee.

Skelmorlie, 1895.

---

**Verses written on the occasion of my Aunt's  
Birthday, February 25th, 1896.**

On thy Natal morn I wish thee  
Choicest blessings, which in store  
God hath kept for thee, His servant,  
Yea ! and deep peace evermore.

Peace, which floweth like a river,  
 Making hearts e'en sad to sing,  
 Once they quit earth's joys and shelter  
 'Neath the shadow of his wing.

Tho' the years have brought thee sorrow  
 Yet His sunshine from above  
 Hath illumed Life's rugged pathway  
 And grief clouds were tinged with love.

Boundless love that knows no ending  
 While the short years slip away,  
 Bright'ning out towards the sunset,  
 Fairer far at close of day.

When earth's shadows flee for ever,  
 All your loved ones gone before  
 Shall be waiting to receive you  
 On that bright eternal shore.

Standing there at heaven's portal  
 Robed in white with crowns of gold,  
 Harping praise to Him who saved them,  
 You, the ransomed, shall behold.

And the "Well Done" that shall greet thee  
 All earth's sorrows shall repay,  
 When you stand behind your Saviour  
 In the light of endless day.

---

**Do You Remember?**

Do you remember the words you spake  
 That Autumn day?  
 I steeled my heart tho' 'twas like to break,  
 A heart that beat but for thy dear sake:  
 Ah! how easily *men* can give and take  
 Their love away!

Do you remember the look you gave  
 That Autumn day?  
 I nerved myself to be calm and brave,  
 While o'er me swept grief's chilling wave,  
 For *I* gazed down into an *open grave*  
 Where my dead hopes lay!

Do you remember our last "Good-bye"  
That Autumn day?  
We parted with neither word nor sigh,  
Which is the happier, you or I?  
Riches, or love that can never die,  
But will live always?

---

### Christian Courage.

Dost thou faint 'neath the scorching heat of noon,  
Art thou pressed in Life's fierce fray?  
God's noblest saint  
May erstwhile faint,  
But he'll wrestle and strive and pray :  
Brother, awake !  
Fresh courage take,  
There is rest at the close of day.  
Dost thou fear to meet the treacherous foe,  
Would'st thou rather turn and flee ?  
God's only son,  
Both fought and won  
That thine might the victory be :  
Brother, be brave,  
This side the grave  
There is rest thro' eternity.  
Dost thou fear to tread Life's rugged path  
'Mid the gath'ring shades of night ?  
A little while,  
And thy Saviour's smile  
Shall dazzle thy tranced sight :  
No clouds of earth  
Can e'er have birth  
In these realms of unfading light.  
Dost thou fear to stem the swelling tide  
Which lappeth Time's sinking sand ?  
Do waters roll  
O'er thy shrinking soul ?  
Then cling to His pierced Hand :  
'Twill bear thee o'er  
To the fadeless shore  
Of our Father's Promised Land.

**Follow Jesus.**

To follow Jesus where He leads,  
 On earth to do His will,  
 No higher aim could spur the soul  
 That seeks to reach the heavenly goal  
 Or Christ-like deeds fulfil.

To follow Jesus, oh ! how sweet,  
 That soul hath perfect rest ;  
 Tho' earthly storms may rave and roar,  
 Within reigns peace for evermore,  
 With Him all, all is blest.

To follow Jesus, Loving Lord,  
 Who would not follow Thee ?  
 Who left Thy Father's Home on high  
 To suffer shame, to bleed and die  
 For sinners such as we.

To follow Jesus ! Blessed thought  
 When life on earth is o'er,  
 When trial, tears, and pain all past  
 He'll gather in His own at last  
 To go out never more.

**The Old Manse Garden.**

Sitting in the old manse garden  
 When the day had fled,  
 Listening to the breezes playing  
 And the great tree branches swaying,  
 Back my wayward thoughts go straying  
 To a day that's dead.

Sitting in the old manse garden,  
 Two of us were there,  
 Planning summer lives together ;  
 Little recked we of rough weather,  
 Hope flew light as any feather,  
 Hearts knew not a care.

Sitting in the old manse garden  
 In the heat of noon,  
 Nought to mar the sinless pleasure  
 Of new-breathed love, whose treasure  
 Lay in two hearts beating measure  
 To a self-taught tune.

Standing in the old manse garden  
 'Neath a red'ning sky,  
 In a world from sleep awaking,  
 Silent witness of leave-taking  
 'Tween two hearts, with sorrow breaking  
 O'er the word "Good-bye."

\*            \*            \*            \*

Sitting in the old manse garden  
 After many years,  
 Vows fulfilled in youthtime plighted,  
 Lives (which sorrow well-nigh blighted)  
 Hearts which beat as one united  
 Joy in place of tears.

July 1896.

### A Birthday Wish.

Written for a Card which I painted for my Mother's Birthday.

What can I crave for thee?

Mere earthly joy or treasure,  
 Or earthly sunshine flinging for an hour  
 Its rainbow hues on many a fading flower,  
 Or glittering short-lived pleasure?

No, I shall crave for thee

(My heart's true wish expressing)  
 God's smile which turns earth's teardrops into gladness  
 His loving voice to chase away thy sadness,

A Father's richest blessing.

Thus e'en on mountain slope or valley low,  
 At dawn of morn or at the sunset glow  
 He shall direct and guide in all thy ways,  
 Till songs of night shall merge in endless praise.

**Lines written shortly before our Marriage, upon my  
Morning Text :**

*" The Lord your God, He it is that goeth with you."*

If God go with us, wherefore should we fear ?

No evil can befall us by the way ;

Ill turns to blessing when our Lord is near,

And darkest night oft ends in brightest day.

*He goeth with us ! Every step we take*

He leads us where our eyes are dim to see

The hidden dangers which our errors make ;

Lord, keep us ever clinging close to Thee.

*He goeth with us ! Blessed thought and true !*

That Everlasting Arm our stay shall be

Until, life's journeyings o'er, and heaven in view,

We hail the dawning of eternity.

---

**Our Last Sunset.**

One of my earlier Poems.

The summer has dawned, with her sunshine and flowers,

Her bright, balmy mornings, and calm evening hours ;

But where is the one I am pining to see ?

I hear not his footstep, he comes not to me.

The morning of life seemed so hopeful and fair,

The evening brings nought but dull, silent despair ;

My heart, once so buoyant, has ceased to be gay,

Since the lov'd one (the being it enshrined) is away.

They bid me forget, can I *ever* forget

That lingering sunset the last time we met ?

A vision of heaven it seemed to unfold,

With its mystified glories of crimson and gold.

The sea was like crystal, its waves lay at rest,

Catching shadowy gleams from the rose-coloured west,

The tall-masted ships floated silently by,

While their sails shone out bright 'neath the deepening sky.

Quite silent we stood on the glittering sand,  
While the sunset glow flooded both ocean and land,  
And I gazed on his face with a wondering pride,  
For heaven seemed nearer with him by my side.

\* \* \* \*

My girl dream has faded, its visions have fled,  
The hopes it unfolded lie withered and dead,  
The one I loved most I shall see nevermore,  
I wander alone on life's wave-beaten shore.

---

**Sir Lancelot: A Legend.**

"I am setting forth o'er the world to roam  
(I have sworn a voiceless vow),  
But ere seeking a bride for heart and home  
I will hie me to wisdom now.

"We trysted to meet at the Devil's Lynn  
This evening at set of sun,  
And I soon shall know where to woo and win  
Ere my ride hath well begun."

"Sir Lancelot, I trysted to meet you here  
When yonder red sun had set;  
Take heed, draw near, and incline thine ear  
To words thou may'st not forget.

"Should'st thou fail to follow my counsels true,  
Oh, Knight of the raven hair,  
This night and hour thou shalt dearly rue:  
Then, Sir Lancelot, beware!

"Seek not the butterfly joys of an hour  
That vanish in life's first storm,  
Nor wealth nor power, mere earthly dower,  
Nor beauty of face or form.

"For earth's riches take wings and flee away,  
Mere beauty shall fast decay;  
But time cannot efface the soul's true grace,  
It will blossom and bud for aye.

“ Oh ! seek for those graces which never fade,  
That bloom 'neath a changing sky,  
For the blossoms of earth they scarce have birth  
Ere they droop on their stems and die.”

Ere wisdom ceased he had left her side,  
Slacked the rein, and sped away,  
Down the gorge's side she watched him ride  
Thro' the twilight soft and grey.

And soon they were lost to sight of men,  
Both charger and gallant knight,  
As on they sped thro' the eerie glen  
In the dim and wavering light.

The dark pines shook in the rising breeze,  
The river roared loud beneath,  
And a sigh seemed wrung from the moaning trees,  
Like the sob of a soul in death.

Yet, on and on, as the darkness grew,  
Like a sick'ning fev'rish dream,  
Like a phantom, both horse and horseman flew  
O'er valley, and moor, and stream.

And silently near them a spectre rode,  
Tho' little wot steed or knight,  
As on they rode, while their trappings glowed  
With a sheen in the pale moonlight.

“ Take heed, oh ! knight, that thy foolish vow  
Doth not bring a curse on thee ;”  
He turned, and the night wind swept his brow :  
“ Who art thou, that speak'st to me ?”

“ Conscience ! Sir Knight, we have met again,  
Thou knewest me well of old ;  
But by sinning since then, like many men,  
Thou art riding to hell for gold.

“ Turn, turn thy steed, and as swiftly speed  
To the life thou hast left behind,  
Once more I plead in thine hour of need,”  
But a wild laugh rose on the wind.

“Thou ridest with gallant front, and bold,  
But many shall ride like thee  
Whose souls will be sold for love of gold,  
And lost through eternity.”

“Ho! Friend or Foe, whiche’er thou be,”  
Quoth the knight in tones of fear,  
“Let us now agree, that beneath this tree,  
We shall tryst when dies the year.”

(The old oak stood on a rocky height,  
Beneath yawned a chasm wide ;  
Oh ! Sir Launcelot shook, and his cheek was white,  
As he drew to the inner side).

“Your promise, and I shall pledge you then  
In a draught from the wine cup red.”  
A voice came floating adown the glen :  
“Thou may’st tryst with the dreamless dead.”

“Sir Conscience, pray, let me see thy face,  
Then quit me, and take thy way,”  
But it still kept pace in the madd’ning race  
Which lasted till break of day.

When the eastern sky was streaked with red  
And gave promise of morning light,  
Low drooped Sir Lancelot’s shapely head  
O’er the neck of his charger white.

But he swept aside the solemn thought  
Which came with the break of day,  
His better angel had come unsought  
And he did not bid her stay.

Alack ! Men dally with good and ill,  
When the issues are life and death ;  
Death yieldeth never to mortal will,  
Life is gone like a zephyr’s breath.

\* \* \* \*

The morning broke. To run his race  
Rose the swarthy sun, and kissed  
From fair Nature’s sweet and dewy face  
Ev’ry trace of the clinging mist.

The mountain caught his smile as it spread  
And blush'd with a rosy glow,  
The river gleamed like a golden thread  
Far down in the vale below.

'Twas liker a dream than scene of earth,  
Yet the horseman ne'er gave heed,  
For thoughts less fair in his mind had birth  
As he spurred on his gallant steed.

Ah! he had been weary many a mile,  
And his plumes were wet with dew,  
For 'twas eve ere the battlemented pile  
Rose up to Sir Lancelot's view.

The sun went down as he neared his goal,  
Drumsinnen, the ancient keep;  
And softly o'er all soft shadows stole,  
For the world was going to sleep.

From depths of the shady fir-trees high  
Came a weird "to-whit," "to-whoo,"  
And hither and thither across the sky  
In succession the brown bats flew.

The subtle scent of the jasmine flower  
Was borne on the evening air,  
And out from the open chapel door  
There floated the sound of prayer.

Tired Nature had lain her down to rest,  
Deep peace brooded over all,  
And the knight turned east and crossed his breast  
Ere he rode 'neath the buttressed wall.

And he paused, for rising on the breeze,  
With a cadence soft and low,  
Like an angel's whisper thro' the trees,  
Came, "Cantate Domino."

Drumsinnen looked bleak 'gainst the belt of fir,  
With its cannon all ranged before,  
As Sir Lancelot, with jangle of belt and spur,  
Reined up at the massive door.

By a stalwart henchman the knight was led  
To the ancient banquet hall,  
And there a right royal feast was spread,  
And the chieftain, erect and tall

(Like a tree that hath braved the storms of life,  
Nor would flinch from as many more,  
Tho' crowned with age, still with vigour rife)  
Was pacing the oaken floor.

Unabated the strength, still keen the eye  
That rejoiced for many a day  
O'er loved ones who bloomed but to fade and die,  
And in hopes that had passed away.

For the branches which grew from the parent stem  
Had been torn by the hand of death,  
And tho' sweet Springtide brought many a gem  
It was nipped by chill winter's breath.

The escutcheon had ne'er been stained with shame  
Of the noble house of Erle,  
And to keep it unstained, there still remained  
One scion—a priceless pearl.

Lady Mary was loved by great and small,  
And the sight of her saintly face  
Brought the sun's own light into cot and hall,  
For she was a child of grace.

Like a spirit she passed thro' the dim twilight,  
Thro' the dusky chamber old,  
Her tresses fell over her bosom white  
In long tendrils of living gold.

When Sir Lancelot gazed in her eye of blue,  
Coursed the blood swift through each vein,  
His pulses beat true to a measure new  
As he gazed, and gazed again.

Oh! was it the evening's magic hour  
That the gallant knight unmanned,  
Or the touch that thrilled his heart with power  
As he knelt and kissed her hand?

Lady Mary sat by the Chieftain's side  
 With her gentle eyes downcast.  
 Thought the knight, I have sought and found my bride,  
 And my quest is o'er at last.

And all that night he could find no rest,  
 For he dreamed in the Castle old  
 Of vainly seeking to draw to his breast  
 A vision of white and gold.

But e'en as the maiden neared his side,  
 And his arm he round her threw,  
 The witching sight he had viewed that night  
 Seemed to vanish like morning dew.

Oh! pale and worn rose the knight next day,  
 And his mind was ill at ease,  
 But he hasted to greet the sun's first ray  
 As it broke thro' the great pine trees.

Then he passed thro' the garden quaint and old  
 Where, beside the lilies tall,  
 In vesture that shamed their white and gold  
 Stood the fairest flower of all.

Oh! Sir Lancelot sighed and Sir Lancelot gazed,  
 But never a word spake he,  
 Her lily-white hand to his lips he raised,  
 And she blushed right modestly.

Down thro' the orchard they wandered slow  
 In love's silence. The buoyant breeze  
 Was blowing the blossoms like summer snow  
 From the lichen-covered trees.

Once when the Knight breathed a tender word  
 In the ear of his gentle bride,  
 The breeze flew over the pair, and heard—  
 And she carried it far and wide.

But first she flew to the flowers and said,  
 Oh! Your Queen is going away!  
 And they drooped their heads in the garden beds,  
 For they worshipped the Lady May.

\* \* \* \*

Up in the ancient turret high  
On the eve of her wedding day,  
When the light had faded from out the sky,  
Lady Mary knelt to pray.

Ah! little recked she of coming doom  
(Sir Lancelot's youthful bride),  
As he sullenly strode thro' the gath'ring gloom  
With the Chieftain by his side.

Oh! her peerless beauty to him was naught,  
In his love he had been blind,  
For 'twas dowry of gold Sir Lancelot sought:  
Not treasure of heart or mind.

The wrathful Chieftain's rage rose high,  
And even Sir Lancelot, bold,  
Quailed 'neath the gleam of his eagle eye:  
"Would you live on my daughter's gold?

"Ere I bring a curse upon thee, Sir Knight,  
Quit my presence," the Chieftain cried;  
"For sooner than wed thee, ere morning light,  
I had rather my daughter died."

Sir Lancelot turned and, ere break of day,  
While the world was still asleep,  
He mounted his charger, and rode away  
From Drumsinnen's ancient keep.

Ah! the Chieftain's May flower hung her head,  
Like a lily pale grew she;  
Soon she slept full sound in her narrow bed,  
'Neath the shade of the Cypress tree.

\* \* \* \*

Last night but three of the dying year,  
Within his Castle old,  
At the oaken board 'mid gallant cheer,  
Sitteth Sir Lancelot, bold.

"What ho! my men, boon comrades all,  
Fill up your beakers high,  
Let the rafters ring in the good old Hall,  
To death let us give the lie.

“Drink one, drink all, like gallant men,  
No coward knaves are we ;  
Lift, lift your brimming goblets then,  
And pledge me three times three.”

With quip and jest the mirth goes round,  
Swift turns Sir Lancelot's head :  
What caught his ear ? A ghastly sound,  
Thy tryst with the dreamless dead.

All turn, and gaze upon the Knight,  
How ashen grey his cheek ;  
“Hast seen some weird, unholy sight ?  
What ho ! Sir Lancelot, speak !”

“’Twas nought, the wind mayhap that blew ;”  
“Then why thy trembling limb ?  
Why wears thy face that pallid hue ?”  
And still they gaze on him.

From oaken settle up he springs,  
A wild light in his eye ;  
With oath and jeer the chamber rang :  
“Ha ! I’ve no thought to die !”

His voice loud echoed thro’ the hall,  
“To-morrow forth I ride,  
Bid me God-speed, companions all,  
I go to seek my bride.”

“The devil speed thee on thy quest,  
I wot that you and he  
Are friends,” quoth one ill-visaged guest,  
“More staunch than you and me.”

“Damn woman, since the world began,  
With Father Adam’s fall  
She’s been a curse to every man—  
Confusion, drink to all.”

“Fitzgerald, hold, a word with thee  
When once my bridal’s o’er,  
Vile knave to sit at board with me :  
Men, show him to the door.”

Once more the goblet high they raise  
And pledge the lady fair,  
"God send her health, God send her wealth,  
And a goodly son and heir!"

Sir Knight, God speed thee on thy quest,  
Haste to thy lady's bower,  
And while they laugh, and sing, and jest,  
Peals forth the magic hour.

They rose. Sir Lancelot paused: "Good friends,  
Here's health to one and all;  
I trow that ere the New Year ends  
We'll meet within this hall."

One toast, then every goblet clashed  
Upon the oaken floor,  
With flaring torch and sword that flashed  
They part to meet no more.

\* \* \* \*

The last day of the year the Knight  
Rode forth on his quest once more,  
But methinks his eye flashed not so bright  
As it did in days of yore.

The troubled brow 'neath his helmet's crest,  
In the morning sunlight seen,  
Betrayed a mind that was ill at rest,  
And the stern and silent mien

Boded but ill for the one he sought  
Whom he hoped ere night to win,  
And the face once deemed like a Grecian god  
Looked more like the mask of sin.

The Knight drew rein at the massive gate  
Of the Baron's fortress old;  
He knew that within he would meet his fate,  
Beauty, and wit, and gold.

When from the highway's dust and stain  
A Squire removed each trace,  
He bade him haste, for he was fain  
To see his cousin's face.

In the hall 'mid a group of ladies fair  
 Bedecked in glittering sheen,  
 With priceless gems in her raven hair  
 She moved, and she looked a Queen.

Heaving 'neath pearl and priceless lace,  
 Like ocean's gentle swell,  
 'Neath a marble throat of swan-like grace  
 Her bosom rose and fell.

The Knight bowed low, and on her cheek  
 A kiss he fondly pressed,  
 "Good Coz," quoth he, "I fain would speak  
 With thee—not as thy guest.

"But as one dearer still, then pray  
 An audience give to me."  
 From out the hall she led the way  
 Smiling right graciously.

"Now art thou safe from stealthy ear,  
 Then prithee, cousin, say  
*That* thou wouldst have no other hear,  
 What caused thee ride this day?"

Her flashing eye of deepest blue  
 Shone on him as she spake,  
 'Twas like the sapphire in its hue,  
 And it bid a man awake.

The Knight his cousin swiftly drew,  
 Within an alcove old,  
 And there, 'neath that flashing orb of blue  
 His heart's desire was told.

No youthful, timid, blushing gaze  
 The Lady Dian wore,  
 She looked full in Sir Lancelot's face  
 As he rose to pace the floor.

"The day, fair cousin, name the day  
 We'll cheat old Father Time,  
 No lover true e'er brooked delay,  
 Of bells a wedding chime

“ Shall ring ere Candlemas be gone,  
What saith your heart to this ?”  
Her sapphire eyes still deeper shone,  
Her answer was—a kiss !

Adown the hall th’affianced twain  
Walk stately side by side,  
But why that look of sudden pain  
As the Knight turns to his bride !

He sees not the Lady Dian there,  
But, wraith-like in her stead,  
A face that is white, and pure, and fair,  
A face from the dreamless dead.

He starts like a man who all alone  
Hath waked from a troubled sleep,  
He hath seen these eyes that hold his own  
In Drumsinnen’s ancient keep.

They are fixed on him with a gaze so sad,  
It pierceth his very soul,  
He looks like one who is going mad,  
Or hath heard the deathbell toll.

In the oaken hall they dance and sup,  
But thro’ it all the Knight  
Looks pale and worn, and he leapeth up  
When chimeth the hour midnight.

And the Lady Dian all in vain  
Adjures the Knight to stay,  
“ To bide my heart would be full fain,  
But Time brooks no delay.

“ I shall haste me back, oh ! lady mine,  
In the Springtime of the year,  
To see the light in these blue eyes shine  
Of the one I hold so dear.

“ To seal the vows we have pledged this night ;  
God knows I’ll be true to thee ;”  
A voice in his ear, scarce heard, so light,  
“ Wert thou true, oh ! Knight, to me ?”

Her arms the lady round him threw,  
 "Oh! Lancelot, stay with me;"  
 The tears fell fast from her eyes of blue,  
 "There is fear in my heart for thee.

"For something tells me that if thou ride  
 Away from me this night,  
 Some direful ill will thee betide  
 Ere dawneth the morning light."

\* \* \* \*

'Neath the stars the Knight rode forth with speed,  
 The stars in the silent sky;  
 He never patted his snow-white steed,  
 And the charger wondered why.

Down the valley Sir Lancelot took his way,  
 And he spurred his charger on;  
 He longed for the light of a coming day,  
 But only a pale moon shone.

And a face as pale was ever near,  
 Peering out from a misty shroud,  
 His once brave spirit quailed with fear,  
 The Knight groaned out aloud.

As Sir Lancelot neared the rocky height,  
 Where beneath yawned a chasm wide,  
 A storm burst forth, and a lurid light  
 Lit up the mountain side.

The thunder rolled adown the glen  
 Like cannon in the fight,  
 The light'ning split the heavens, and then—  
 Then all was black as night.

His charger staggered, then reared high,  
 His master shook with fear,

"Who once agreed that beneath this tree  
 We should tryst when died the year?"

"Ah! well, Sir Knight, I shall pledge you then,  
 And the draught shall be blood-red."

(The voice came floating adown the glen),

"Yea! Thou'lt tryst with the dreamless dead."

\* \* \* \*

The morning broke, the storm had ceased,  
A glorious sun shone bright,  
And there passed that way a hoary priest  
Who viewed a ghastly sight,  
And for years in his cell he prayed for the peace  
Of the soul of that hapless Knight.

17th August, 1909.

---

### My Willie and the War.

Oh! our men are gaily marching to the martial strains of  
war  
With fifes, and drums all beating, and their pennons  
streaming far,  
And the girls come out to greet them in their glory and  
their pride,  
But my thoughts fly swiftly backward to the day my  
Willie died.

On the breeze the strains are swelling, "Will ye no come  
back again?"  
But my sad heart answers *never*, Willie lies among the  
slain;  
Oh! the bonnie lad that proudly marched some months ago  
from me,  
His bright face with its smiling eyes I never more shall  
see.

He held me tight within his arms behind the kitchen door,  
Saying, "Mother, you'll be proud you know, when once  
the battle's o'er,  
To see your Willie marching home, the V.C. on his breast,  
And I tried to smile amid my tears. Well, God knows  
what is best.

But the battle's raging still, and men are going forth to  
slay,  
And *only* sons like mine are falling, hundreds every day;  
Oh! war, you claim a heavy toll — men's blood, and  
women's tears,  
Ay, like water they will ever flow adown the coming years.

Oh! It's hard to part with one who's been your comfort  
and your stay,  
And Willie never failed me since his father went away,  
*He* enlisted as a soldier, but whether he's in life  
I cannot tell, I only know I'm widow more than wife.

And Willie (bless him!) used to say, "Now, buck up,  
mother, dear,  
You know that soon I'll be a man, then trust me, never  
fear;  
I'll work my very hardest, so be easy in your mind."  
Oh! how oft the young are taken, while the old are left  
behind.

And they tell me that I should be proud, my Willie was so  
brave,  
I know it well! but oh! to think he's lying in his grave,  
Where I cannot ever go to plant a flower upon the sod,  
Still I have sweet flowers of mem'ry, and my Willie's safe  
with God.

I try to be contented, but when regiments march away,  
With their beating drums and music, as they marched  
along to-day,  
It makes me think of Willie, oh, I long to see him so,  
But *my* march is nearly ended, and I have not far to go.

---

### Marching: To Music and to Death.

Marching to the music, boys, proudly, bravely go,  
Knowing what's ahead of you, warfare with the foe;  
Step out then, my gallant lads, let the Nation feel  
Far prouder of your courage than of tempered iron or steel.

March on, "face the music," boys, Britain well may trust  
Her gallant sons, *they'll* keep her flag from trailing in the  
dust;  
Raise it high, and cheer, boys, cheer with all your might  
For the dear old Flag, for Britain, for Truth, and for the  
Right.

Marching to the Battle, boys, facing hateful Huns ;  
Let them prove your courage, lads, let them taste your  
guns,  
Let them see the fear you have is not of man but God ;  
Then bravely march to meet your fate the way our fathers  
trod.

Marching on to Death, boys, in the Dardanelles,  
Marching on to glory, lads, through a thousand Hells,  
But what are blood and thunder, lads, or what an en'my's  
hate  
If duty done, the ordeal o'er, we march through Heaven's  
Gate ?

Marching on to Glory, boys, there's *One* that bids us go,  
If we're clad in heavenly armour, lads, we're sure to beat  
the foe,  
In *His* strength march bravely forward, you will conquer  
in the fight,  
World's peace will crown your efforts and the wrong give  
place to right.

23rd July, 1915.

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**“ The Glorious Twelfth.”**

**1915.**

(With a Moral).

Away, among the purple hills,  
On a glorious Autumn day  
(From my office free, nought to trouble me),  
Upon my back I lay.

The whirring of a moor-fowl's wing,  
The buzzing of a bee,  
And the distant bleat of a wand'ring sheep  
Were the sounds which came to me.

And soon mine eyelids closed, and I  
Was in the land of dreams,  
Far from the bens and the heathery glens,  
From the moorland tarns and streams.

When suddenly I heard a voice,  
 'Twas new and strange to me,  
 I crept to the edge of the rocky ledge,  
 But nought could I hear or see.

I laid me down once more among  
 The sweetly-scented thyme,  
 And in drowsy mood thought it might be good  
 To turn this into rhyme.

Two lines I finished, when again  
 Some sounds once more I heard,  
 And voices quite near assailed my ear  
 With flutterings of a bird.

“You do not think they'll come this time  
 To shoot us, do you mother?”

“No, not this year; they're too busy, my dear  
 With killing one another.

“The ‘Glorious Twelfth’ they used to call  
 This lovely Autumn day,  
 When, armed with big guns, both fathers and sons  
 Came out to join the fray.

“They will not call August the fourth  
 A glorious day, I vow,  
 For with might and main they have killed and slain  
 From August last till now.

“It is a judgment on those men  
 Who robbed my home and heart;  
 When they lose their lives I pity the wives,  
 For I know the pang and smart.

“And to their friends to-morrow night  
 The Blackcocks give a ‘spread,’  
 But I will not go for, dears, do you know,  
 When so many are lying dead,

“It is not nice to sit and gloat  
 O'er our present happy state,  
 Tho' I think, somehow, they'll be sorry now  
 When they see the Hand of Fate.

" Maybe they'll think of former days  
When on shoulder ev'ry gun  
Was ready to aim at the flying game ;  
Ah ! they thought it goodly fun.

" This is a lovely world, my dears,  
But it's marred by man and sin ;  
In a kind of way I am sad to-day,  
Tho' I hear not the rifle's din.

" There's mourning at the Castle too,  
For the dear young Laird is dead,  
He was killed by shells at those Dardanelles,  
Poor fellow, so lately wed !

" 'Twill likely kill his father, too,  
The death of his son and heir,  
And the Castle old, will be likely sold  
To some Yankee millionaire.

" I hear the Pibroch's wailing sound,  
Ah ! Donald comes down the glen ;  
What an eerie drone, and he's all alone,  
At the war are the other men.

" We'll creep into the heather, dears,  
For the hill hath hid the sun,  
And all rest safe here with never a fear  
Of either a man or gun."

\* \* \* \*

I rose and took my homeward way  
Musing on what I had heard,  
For no lesson learned should ever be spurned,  
Whether taught by beast or bird.

August, 1915.

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### Sale Song.

Written for Foreign Mission Sale.

Who wishes pretty Xmas. Toys  
For all their little girls and boys ?  
If to the manse you hie,  
There plenty you can buy,  
'Twill add to yours as well as to their joys.

Who wishes a refreshing cup of tea  
 With cakes "ad lib" at fourpence halfpenny?  
     Just turn, friends, to the right,  
     In the study, warm and bright,  
 Assistants there will serve you heartily.

Who wishes not some cosy underwear?  
 In winter everyone must have a care  
     To keep Jack Frost away  
     On many a snowy day,  
 Then 'tis best to clothe like any polar bear.

Who wishes pretty plates and glass galore,  
 Cupids, bowls, and vases by the score?  
     They are not very dear,  
     And will please for many a year  
 If the little ones don't drop them on the floor.

Who wishes ornamental baskets, too,  
 You know, friends, we all depend on you  
     For helping on our work,  
     So purchasing don't shirk,  
 But make a point of buying "gifts" on view.

And who wishes gifts from Japan,  
 A pretty teacup or a fan?  
     Some boxes of lacquer  
     Or a patent fire-cracker,  
 Or a little nodding-headed Jap man?

Or who desires treasures from Ind?  
 Or are all your fancies pinned  
     On some quaint Jap sachet,  
     Or glossy papier maché?  
 Then buy and let our tables all be thinned.

Dear friends, here is quite another section,  
 Many a tempting bon-bon and confection;  
     The children think them good,  
     And prefer them far to food:  
 Taste yourselves, and you will find they are perfection.

Then for people partial both to pen and ink  
In this corner they are sure to find, I think,  
    Note and envelopes to taste  
    Without necessary waste,  
And blotting paper good : green, white, and pink.

Then there's something else we don't profess to see,  
Yet *some* perchance might find the same as well,  
    'Tis the choicest gift of life,  
    Of a husband or a wife,  
They may meet and match for all that you can tell !

Who wishes lovely canisters of tea ?  
The best is not outside, as you will see,  
    When from a pretty cup  
    You drink the beverage up,  
I know that you will bless the sale and me !

We are selling lovely dolls with wondrous hair,  
With ringlets glossy brown and ringlets fair  
    Everyone will smile on you  
    If you buy, so friend, pray do,  
For they feel so foolish, standing stiffly there.

And from out the Christmas tree a little nigger cries,  
    "Help me !"  
    I have travelled all alone  
    From where they bow to wood and stone,  
Don't send me empty-handed o'er the sea.

Such gifts are given you. I know—I'm sure I do—  
You feel for darkey boys so far away ;  
    Let your prayers and pence commingle,  
    And your hearts are sure to tingle  
With a joy you've never felt for many a day.

---

**Some Verses Dedicated to Mr. John Ellis, upon his  
removing a Petrol Engine which was  
placed near "Eildon."**

Dear Sir, accept my grateful thanks  
For what you've done to-day ;  
I watched you from my window, and,  
I vow, 'twas not child's play ;

The work you had for many hours  
Taxed patience, strength, and all your powers.

And I feel like a child to-day  
(To *you* 'twill seem absurd),  
But now that engine's throttle's still  
Sweet Nature's voice is heard.  
Music that swells from songster's throat  
Is sweeter far than petrol note.

And when I laid me down to rest  
That engine's pond'rous thud  
Seemed like some mighty monster that,  
Insatiate, roared for blood ;  
Instead of peace and quiet repose  
With wearied brain I swift arose.

But now, indeed, the table's turned,  
Would (wood) it had been before ;  
As prayers of gratitude I raised  
While standing at the door,  
Methought upon the summer air,  
I heard—— : sir, do your *horses* swear ?

Poor things ! *They* did not bless the day  
That brought to us such joy,  
And yet how patiently they work  
For those who them employ,  
For days and years the best they gave,  
Now, they must work like any slave.

I know, dear sir, that splitting wood  
Means “drawing in the cash ;”  
But splitting headaches cause the tongue  
To utter words too rash,  
And while *you* put up grateful prayers  
Your victims find relief in swears !

Oh ! Monster, you are not to blame,  
You follow human laws,  
Wheels oft we set in motion then  
Omit to blame the cause  
When failure comes. Then, far too late,  
We rail and fret, and call it *Fate*.

Engine, farewell ! I only hope  
I never more may see  
Your burly form and funnel neck  
Reared up so loftily,  
Nor from your "maw" see smoke arise  
To dim our lovely summer skies.

---

**Away.**

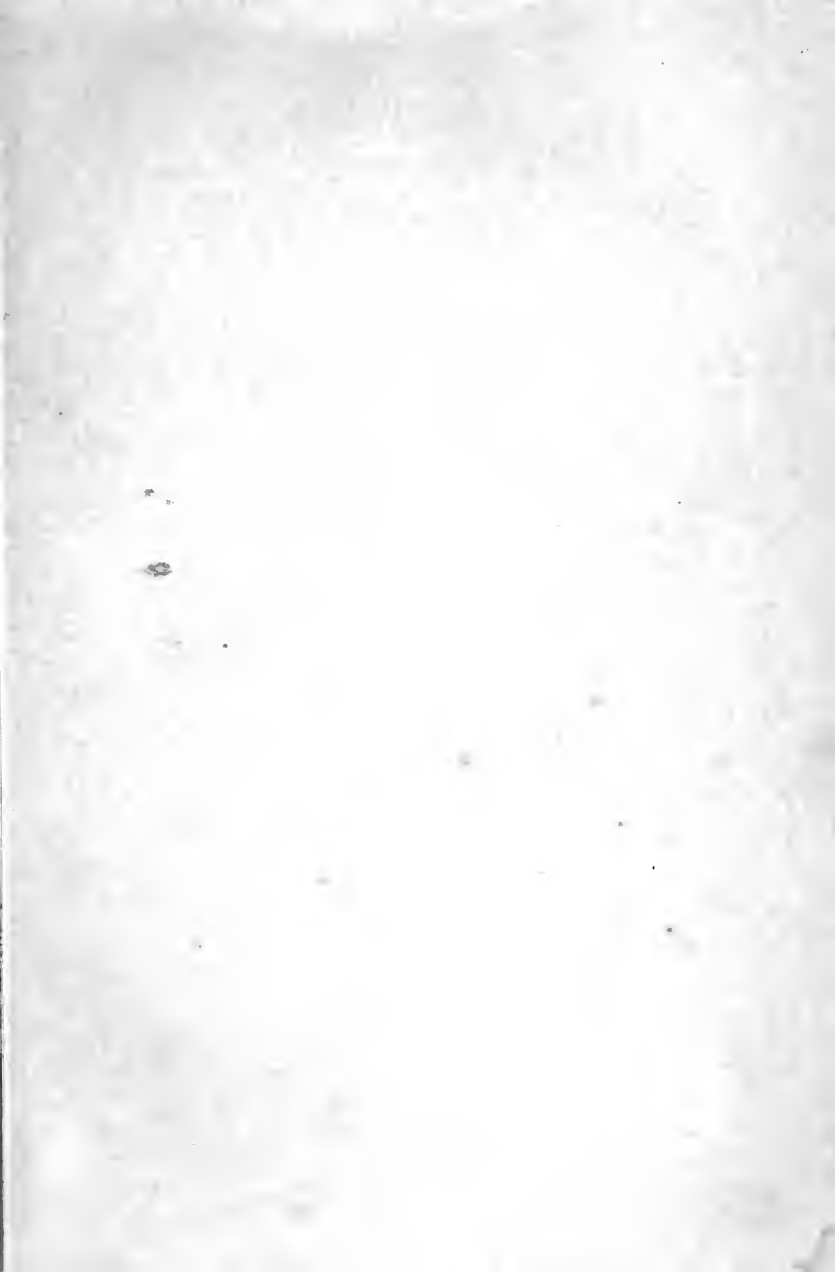
Away—beyond the fret and toil of years,  
Of sorrows shadowing thine eyes with tears,  
Freed from the fetters of this mortal life,  
From burdens bravely borne throughout the strife.

Away—where all is understood and known,  
No veil between thee and thy Father's Throne,  
No earthly cloud to dim that Face Divine  
Whose image in thine own doth brightly shine.

Away ! Away !—burst are life's prison bars ;  
Thy spirit soars beyond night's gleaming stars  
To where, within a Saviour's loving breast,  
Thy worn and wearied soul finds endless rest.

Away—to where thy loved of long ago,  
Now golden crowned and garbed in robes of snow,  
Give joyful greeting on that heavenly shore  
Where you and they shall dwell for evermore.

Away—away—our spirits long to be  
Released, like Thine, from earthly fetters free,  
To soar untrammelled to the Home above  
Where all is endless peace, and joy, and love.



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